# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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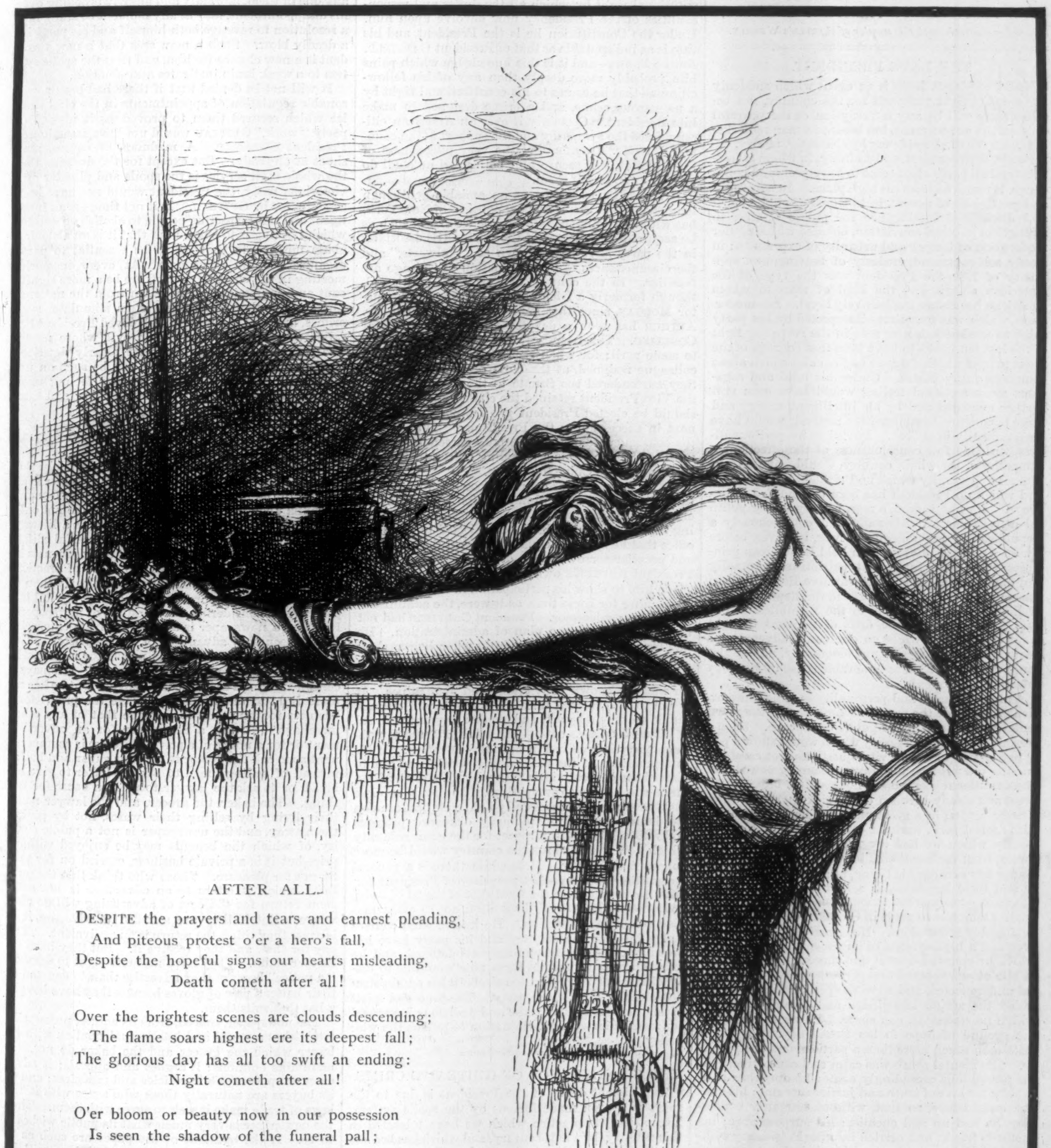


### AFTER ALL.

DESPITE the prayers and tears and earnest pleading,
And piteous protest o'er a hero's fall,
Despite the hopeful signs our hearts misleading,
Death cometh after all!

Over the brightest scenes are clouds descending;
The flame soars highest ere its deepest fall;
The glorious day has all too swift an ending:
Night cometh after all!

O'er bloom or beauty now in our possession
Is seen the shadow of the funeral pall;
Though Love and Life make tearful intercession,
Death cometh after all!

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1881.



**HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.**

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

**NEW SERIAL STORY BY W. O. STODDARD.**

*No.* 101 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *to be published October* 4, *will contain a new serial, entitled*

"TALKING LEAVES,"

*a fascinating story of life among the Indians of the Southwest.* MR. STODDARD'S *short stories have won great favor among the readers of* YOUNG PEOPLE, *who will be pleased to learn that the new serial will run through the winter.*

☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing a double-page picture,*

THE DEATH-BED OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD,

*is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.


## THE LATE PRESIDENT.

THE President's death is an event which suddenly clouds bright prospects for the country, not because there will be any interruption of the peaceful order of the government, but because a man remarkably fitted for the Presidency by character, ability, experience, temperament, and training, in whom all sections and all parties had come to have profound confidence, is removed from his high place. In manliness and gentleness of nature, in loftiness of public spirit and disciplined intelligence for public affairs; in strength of political conviction, blended with singular moderation of temper and urbanity of expression; in steady self-command, modesty of bearing, and simplicity of life—the President was the type of the American citizen, and the kind of man to whom American hearts are instinctively loyal. His moderation, which was sometimes interpreted by hot party spirit as weakness, is now seen in the revealing light of the last ten weeks to have been that courage of the finest temper which dares to be just, and which alone composes angry States. Under his mild and sagacious sway sectional feeling would have been still further assuaged, and by his intelligent energy and large experience administrative methods would have been radically improved. Doubtless his perilous illness, with his full consciousness of the affectionate sympathy of the whole country, would have offered him an opportunity which no President has ever had, and which no President has been better fitted to improve. He was, indeed, a man of very strong political convictions. Confessedly and conspicuously a Republican of Republicans, he was, however, before all, an American, and no man held Republican principles with more intelligent patriotism. Actually and officially the most representative Republican in the country, what LINCOLN was to the Republicanism of his day, GARFIELD was to the Republicanism of ours. No man saw the drift of political thought more clearly, and while no one could advocate his own views more cogently and eloquently, no one also could do it with a more honorable sense of fair play toward his opponents.

As his character and personality became more evident, they made the party of which he was the representative stronger in the public confidence. Such a personality foretold a policy which would show a party patriotically alive to vital questions, not carefully nursing old wrongs, but bravely securing new rights. The dauntless cheerfulness, not reckless bravado, the sweet and steady heroism of the sick-chamber, which became a man in a great place suddenly confronted with mortal peril, were the earnest of the high official fidelity which we had the right to anticipate. His career, from the canal-boat to the White House—as a young boy earning his living, as a student and teacher and local legislator, as a soldier and member of Congress—was marked throughout by conscience, the quality which is so great in GLADSTONE. He was indefatigably industrious. No American in public life ever had a higher sense of its responsibilities, among which he counted careful and thorough preparation. While others vapored and perorated, GARFIELD studied and reflected, and so to the practical sagacity he added the ample knowledge and disciplined mind which no statesman can spare. This was especially the ground of hope in his Presidency. He was a statesman much more than a partisan or a party leader. His mental grasp was calm and comprehensive; his perceptions exceedingly acute; his impulses honorable; his love of truth and justice supreme; his temper conciliatory, so that, without unmanly concession, he had no real enemies; his purpose pure; his methods frank: and carried into the Presidency without real bitterness of opposition, it is fair to suppose that, emerging from the dark valley, had Heaven so willed, he would have ushered in a truer era of good-will than that which was called so sixty years ago. But it is not to be. The bowl is broken at the fountain. The hopes that anticipated such results, as the dawn heralds the sun, have vanished. The brave, patient, high-hearted man upon whose fluttering breath hung the prayerful anxiety of the world, dies amid a grief such as would attend the death of no living man. For GARFIELD himself it is not to be doubted that he dies at a fortunate moment, with the love of all his countrymen like brothers lamenting him, and their faith firm in the great and humane work that he was sure to do. "My Captain! O my Captain!" in the glowing prime of his pure and vigorous manhood, with his bright face to the future, and his strong hand upon the helm, he falls—but rises again and forever in the affectionate remembrance of his country.

## PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

WITH profound pity and sympathy the country turns to the successor of President GARFIELD, because it knows him to be painfully aware of the circumstances under which he enters upon his high office. These circumstances, however, do not affect the constitutional right by which all the duties and responsibilities of the Presidency now devolve upon him. Under the Constitution he is the President, and his title is as indisputable as that of President GARFIELD. But he knows—and it is this knowledge which pains him probably more deeply than any of his fellow-citizens—that he comes to his constitutional right by a monstrous crime, and a crime designed to make him President. Certainly if ever an American citizen needed the sympathy and the support of the country, it is Mr. ARTHUR, and the very piteousness of the situation will secure him both until he shall do something to forfeit them.

Mr. ARTHUR is known as an amiable gentleman long engaged in the "practical politics" of New York, but with no administrative experience except such as he acquired as Collector of the Port. His associates in the party have been known as "Stalwarts," and the circumstances of his nomination at Chicago are familiar. In the contests of New York politics, although formerly a friend of ex Governor and Senator MORGAN, since that gentleman's retirement Mr. ARTHUR has been a devoted friend of ex-Senator CONKLING. This friendship has exposed the country to some peril; for when Senator CONKLING and his colleague resigned, at the close of the late session, they surrendered the Senate to the Democrats, and the Vice-President retained the chair lest a Democrat should be elected President *pro tempore*, and stand next in succession to the Presidency. Thus one of the consequences of the CONKLING surrender is that, until the Senate elects a presiding officer, there is no successor to the Chief Magistrate.

As we write, it is of course impossible to speak of the policy of the new Administration. Probably no change of any kind will be made immediately. Knowing that he would not have been elected to the great office that he fills, and equally aware of the universal and peculiar sorrow for the death of his predecessor, President ARTHUR'S own feelings will doubtless persuade him to show his participation in that sorrow by continuing for some time, as it were, the administration of his predecessor. President GARFIELD had not had time to develop a plan of administration. He had been in office but four months when he was shot, and his policy was not announced: it was only an anticipation of the country founded upon his character and his known convictions and sympathies. It is not to be expected that Mr. ARTHUR will outrage public sentiment by any sudden and flagrant reversal of his predecessor's acts. The welfare of the Republican party is involved in his administration. If his interpretation of the party desire should lead him to discard the general views with which President GARFIELD was known to sympathize, if he should suppose that the party can successfully fight new battles upon old issues, and contemptuously disregard progress and reform, Republican regret for the great calamity which now overshadows the country would be more poignant than ever. Meanwhile there is a general recognition of the perfect propriety of President ARTHUR'S conduct since the fatal shot of the 2d of July, and an equally general disposition not to embarrass his most difficult position. He knows what courses and what men the country and his party have impressively and overwhelmingly condemned, and he must know that to adopt them now would be to disappoint the country, and to ruin both his administration and the Republican party. The tone and spirit of his modest, sympathetic, and judicious inaugural address, indicates a determination to pursue the wise policy.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GUITEAU'S CRIME.

THE violent death of the President is due to the spirit of faction made furious by the spoils system. Except for the practice which we have tolerated in this country for a half-century, and which has become constantly more threatening and perilous, GUITEAU would not have felt that working for a party as a speech-maker or a runner of caucuses and ballot-boxes gave him a claim to reward in the salary of a place, or a right to demand such reward as his due, and to feel wronged if he did not receive it. This dire calamity is part of the penalty that we pay for permitting a practice for which as a public benefit not a solitary word can be urged, and which, while stimulating the deadliest passions, degrades our politics and corrupts our character.

There are thousands of men in every part of the country, who, because like GUITEAU they made campaign speeches, or busied themselves in campaign clubs, or gave money, or time, or labor in some way to promote the election of President GARFIELD, feel, as GUITEAU felt, that they are entitled to be paid for it by a place in a custom-house, or a post-office, or a department in Washington, or in some other of the myriad public offices and employments, and that those who now occupy such places have had their share, and ought to be turned out to make room for new men. If in the opinion of such men their "claims" are not "recognized," like GUITEAU they believe themselves to be outrageously wronged. If with this feeling they hear the President stigmatized as false to his party and treacherous to his supporters, any one of them, morbidly and angrily brooding over his disappointment, may at any moment be stung into a resolution to revenge both himself and his party by a deadly blow. Such a man sees that a new President is a new chance for him, and thus the spoils system to a weak brain instigates assassination.

It will not be denied that if there had been a reasonable regulation of appointments in the civil service which secured them to proved merit instead of party "work," GUITEAU would not have assassinated President GARFIELD. A madman, of course, may shoot at anybody. But except for the doctrine that the whole civil service is the spoils and plunder of a victorious party, the President would not have been assassinated by GUITEAU. Is it not time for an intelligent and self-respecting people to abolish an evil for which nothing is to be said but that it is an alarming abuse mistakenly thought to be essential to party organization and efficiency? At every memorial meeting in the country could there be a more significant and impressive lesson drawn from the national sorrow than that the spoils system stimulates such crimes, and that the brave and beloved President has fallen a victim to a vast public evil, whose nature and tendency no man has more clearly described than he? We trust that there will be such an unmistakable expression of the popular feeling upon this subject that the new Administration and Congress may hear and heed.

## THE NEWSPAPER.

No paper read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association has attracted so much general attention in the press as that of Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER upon the newspaper. This is due not only to the fact of Mr. WARNER'S distinction as a literary man, but to his long experience as a successful editor. He is at the head of one of the chief daily journals in New England, and his words are those of practical knowledge. Mr. WARNER puts more clearly than it has ever been put before a point which is of vital importance in considering the question of newspapers. It is that a newspaper is a wholly private enterprise for the pecuniary advantage of the proprietor. The relation of the public to the proprietor is precisely that of the buyer to any other merchant. He pays a certain sum for a certain commodity. But he has no more right to undertake to manage the proprietor's business for him than to manage that of any other merchant. To ask a newspaper for an advertisement or for a notice of a private interest is as impertinent as to ask the grocer to give his sugar and butter instead of selling them, to ask the baker to give his bread, or to ask the lawyer to plead a cause for nothing. The baker, the grocer, and the lawyer make their living by selling their wares, not by giving them away, and the newspaper is not a public charity, of which the benefits may be enjoyed without price, but it is a private business, carried on for profit, not for pleasure. Those who think that the publicity which it offers to an advertiser is not sufficient return for the cost of advertising will go elsewhere. But if they are satisfied to advertise, it is because they think the return is an equivalent. They pay for that, and they receive it. But they have no further claim. They have no more right to demand "a notice" because they advertise than to demand of their hatter a pair of gloves because they have bought a hat that suits them.

The newspaper, indeed, from its nature, necessarily establishes a moral and intellectual relation with its buyer which the grocer and the baker do not. It maintains opinions; it argues and appeals; it advocates or opposes public policies and measures; and as its buyers are naturally those who agree with it, the laws of trade make it seek to agree with them. Thus the newspaper is very much what its public wishes it to be. If the opinions of the paper are such as to repel advertisers and buyers, the opinions will be suppressed, because the proprietor will hardly care to publish his opinions at a great and constant loss. This seems, indeed, to imply that public opinion guides the press, rather than the press public opinion. But the truth is that the influence is reciprocal. In every great community the general tendencies of political opinion, for instance, are already determined,

and the newspaper which reflects any one of them ably and truly acquires by means of publicity and reiteration, added to ability, a natural leadership. This leadership it can exercise to the best results within certain limits. Thus, if the journal be Republican or Democratic, it can educate and advance opinions which it approves, so long as it is done without fatally alienating Republican or Democratic sympathy. But if the Republican journal should suddenly declare Democratic views, or *vice versa*, its prosperity would be instantly checked. No editor in the country ever had a greater influence than Mr. GREELEY, but it is understood that his change in 1872 from a Republican advocate to a Democratic candidate was a very serious blow to the welfare of the *Tribune*.

Editorial ability, professionally viewed, is the faculty and tact which, in the first place, discerns what is really news, and condenses and presents it accurately and entertainingly. Obviously what is news in one place, and under certain circumstances, may not be news in another. What is desirable in a weekly paper may be out of place in a daily paper. The faculty of distinguishing in such cases, and of adaptiveness to the situation, is a test of editorial ability. In the second place, that ability is shown in the skill with which the circulation of the paper is maintained and increased without compromise in the expression of editorial conviction. It is, of course, essential to the weight and influence of such expressions that they be known to be perfectly honest. There is no leadership in echoes and imitations. When, therefore, the opinions of a great and prosperous paper are steadily maintained, it is a just inference that they are widely shared. Papers that "wobble" infallibly betray either want of ability to discern opinion, or want of skill to maintain their own view. This is the reason that clever journals value consistency so highly that rather than appear to be inconsistent they are sometimes willing to be unjust. Mr. WARNER'S paper is certainly a very valuable contribution to a very interesting and continuous discussion.

## THE LAST LIVING FRIEND OF SHELLEY.

TRELAWNEY, the friend of SHELLEY and BYRON, has just died at the age of eighty-nine, and it was naturally supposed that there was no longer a living link with the remarkable group of English poets who were in Italy sixty years ago, and the story of whose life is so ever fresh in the lives of BYRON, SHELLEY, and LEIGH HUNT. KEATS was of the same time, but not of the same company. But it appears that the widow of Captain WILLIAMS, who was lost with SHELLEY, married, long afterward, SHELLEY'S first and most intimate friend, THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG, whose remarkable *Life of Shelley* stopped with the second volume.

This lady is the "Jane with a Guitar," and "Jane, the Recollection," to whom SHELLEY addressed both beautiful poems in the last year of his life. She is still living near London in a retired villa, an old lady, "tall, upright, fair; with aquiline features and clear, bright blue eyes." In the library of her house hangs the guitar of which SHELLEY sang, and upon its wall is the only authentic portrait of SHELLEY, painted by CLENT. It is described by the American who knew TRELAWNEY in Charleston in 1832 as of life size and of moderate merit, "but the fine forehead, large, thoughtful eyes, delicate mouth, and sad, yearning expression of the whole face seem to justify TRELAWNEY'S saying that there is the man as he was in those last days in 1822."

It is an interesting final glimpse of one of the most interesting groups in English literary history. In that history SHELLEY is perhaps the most pathetic figure, and in nothing more than in his relation with BYRON, whose genius he felt extinguishing his own like the sun a fire. Are there any other accessible reminiscences of TRELAWNEY'S visit to this country than this allusion by "a young Northerner" who happened to dine with him at Charleston in 1832, and who attracted TRELAWNEY'S attention by saying that Waterloo was not the only battle of importance in the century up to that time, because Navarino would count for something?

## THE RUINS OF CAMBODIA.

A NEW edition of *The Land of the White Elephant*, by FRANK VINCENT, Jun., has just been issued by HARPER & BROTHERS, with an important supplement containing the results of the latest investigations in Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China. Perhaps the most interesting part of the supplement is the chapter on Cambodia. Not even the excavations which have shown to us the buried cities and Cyprus have thrown more light upon the perfection attained by Eastern art than have the splendid and stupendous ruins found in the interior of Indo-China. But though the degree of Oriental art has thus been made plain, absolutely nothing is known concerning the people to whom the original structures are due.

Seven years ago the author of this work had the good fortune and the honor of being the first to make the world acquainted with the mysterious and wonderful ruins of Cambodia, and he still remains the only authority on the subject. Since then he has bestowed much time and study on the general subject of Cambodian antiquities, with special reference to the solution of such enigmas as the probable date when the cities were built, and by what races, the present home of the descendants of the builders, and the religion to which their temples were dedicated. The results of his researches, greatly condensed but clearly stated, are set forth in the supplement to his work.

Mr. VINCENT has endeavored to do for Cambodia what STEPHENS did for Yucatan, and SQUIRES for Peru. It seems probable that the ruins of Farther India may yet prove to be of as great interest and importance to the archæologist as those of Central and Southern America. Meanwhile the author submits his descriptions, facts, and speculations in the hope that they may inspire other travellers to examine these wondrous relics, and make them speak as eloquently of a past age as the monuments of Egypt do of the days of the most ancient of her kings.

## MRS. GARFIELD.

THE wife of the late President has shared with him the tender solicitude of the country, and in this hour of universal sorrow she is borne in millions of hearts and households bereaved by the blow which has widowed her. Through the long martyrdom of her husband there has been no glimpse of her which has not shown her to be worthy of the man to whom she ministered; and all that public gratitude and private feeling can do to show the respect of the country for the widow of its Chief Magistrate will unquestionably be done.

## A NEW SATIRIST.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, the writer of the *Bab Ballads*, and of the libretto of Mr. SULLIVAN'S *Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance*, has not been taken seriously as a force or phenomenon in literature until the London *Spectator* lately treats him as such. Mr. GILBERT has just published a second series of *Original Plays*, in which the critic detects signs of far higher powers than had been suspected—a genuine pathos, a fine and genial irony, and a new, peculiar, and original humor. *Pinafore* and the *Pirates* are avowed and limitless nonsense, but they have, the critic is sure, a slight but definite satire upon "the braggadocio-patriotic bumptiousness of the BEACONSFIELD era."

Thus Sir Joseph Porter's account of his rise to be ruler of "the Queen's navee" was a mild satiric ebullition, yet "it reached a wider circle than has been reached by any stage satire of our generation," and in the song of the Englishman who in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations remains inflexibly an Englishman, "the finest essence of Jingoism is satirized;......and we can not conceive it satirized with more pungent efficiency or a more thorough sense of fun."

The policeman's song in the *Pirates* seems to the *Spectator* to show the originality of inventive humor, with "satire of a really high and subtle kind," and "delicious and most laughter-moving fun." THACKERAY, it is sure, and CARLYLE, would have delighted in such roasting of maudlin sentimentality. The *Spectator* concludes that while Mr. GILBERT has produced as yet no important work, it is not impossible that he may yet do something which will stand to *Pinafore* and the *Pirates* as *Vanity Fair* and the *Newcomes* stand to *Jeames's Diary* and the *Book of Snobs*.

## BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

WE have already mentioned the interesting exhibition of wood-engravings which is to open in Boston on the 4th of October, and which can not fail to be singularly attractive and instructive. But to those who can not see the works which will be collected there, we commend the first paper in the October number of *Harper's Magazine* as a gallery of illustrations of the present extraordinary excellence of that art in America. The paper is one of Mr. GIBSON'S works with pen and pencil, called "A Berkshire Road," and the delicacy, softness, luminousness, and clearness of the illustrations are incomparable.

Nothing is more striking in Mr. GIBSON'S work than its imaginative quality, blended with its keen fidelity to the actual fact. This is, of course, an incommunicable secret, but it is marked in all the best contemporary art of this kind. The vignette of this number of the *Magazine*, by Mr. ABBEY, compared with Mr. GIBSON'S drawings, is an interesting illustration of the difference of styles in this art, which is almost a new art within the last generation. There is the same exquisite refinement in the touch of both artists, and in the work of Mr. ABBEY a sentiment of quaint romance which is unique.

But wood-engraving is a composite art. The beautiful effects which are enjoyed by the reader of *Harper*, for instance, are due to the perfect co-operation of the artist, the cutter, and the printer. The cutter could easily ruin the best effect of the artist, and the printer baffle both artist and cutter. Such results as the finer illustrations of the *Magazine* are due to an artistic feeling and sympathy among all who take part in producing the work. The appreciation of such happy harmony in labor is shown in the constantly increasing prosperity of the *Magazine*.

## BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

SENATOR VAN WYCK, of Nebraska, who is well known in New York politics, having been a Representative in Congress from this State, has made a speech upon "finance, transportation, civil service, and the Indian question," at the Illinois State Fair. According to the report, "he opposed the project of modern civil service reformers, and expressed the opinion that business qualifications should be preferred to competitive examinations." We suspect that the trouble with the Senator in discussing this subject would be a want of knowledge. His studies have been in another direction. Had he taken care to inform himself, he would not have made the remark attributed to him. For it is the spoils system, of which Mr. VAN WYCK does know something, which appoints to business places in the public service without the slightest regard to business qualifications, and it is the reformed or merit system which insists upon them. If the Senator will take pains to ascertain the facts, he will learn that a competitive examination is favored by the most intelligent and successful business men in New York as the most feasible method of restoring the transaction of the public business to business principles.

The Troy *Times*, which can not speak of reform without impatience, praises Postmaster-General JAMES'S system of promotion as the business reform of a true business man. Its praise is merited. But the promotion which the Troy *Times* commends is only a part of a method introduced by the Postmaster-General in the New York office, and which begins with a competitive examination. "Civil service reform," which is a very irritating bugbear to the Troy *Times*, proposes to give the sanction of law to the scheme of the Postmaster-General which the *Times* praises, instead of leaving its observance to the will of a temporary officer.

## PERSONAL.

MR. WEST, the new British Minister to Washington, will sail for Philadelphia on the 15th of October. It is said that he may be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. CORNWALLIS WEST, the latter one of the celebrated beauties of England, a brilliant and dashing Irishwoman, niece of the Marquis of Headford. Her husband is a gentleman of wealth and position, and she makes things lively and pleasant at his home, Rathin Castle.

—Mr. WILLIAM E. EVERETT, of Rye, New York, who died a few days ago at Saratoga Springs, was a man of fine scientific acquirements, and an inventor whose works have been of great value. He invented the machinery by which the first Atlantic cable was laid, and superintended its putting down. He also laid several other cables. He was by birth and marriage related to the family of the late General JACOB BROWN, who from 1821 to 1828 was commander-in-chief of the United States army. For many years he was an engineer in the United States navy, and subsequently, during the war, manager of the Novelty Iron-Works in this city. For a year past he had been entirely blind. He possessed a considerable fortune, and was very charitable.

—The ranch of ex-Senator DORSEY, at Chico, Colfax County, New Mexico, is the largest cattle ranch in this country, embracing 500,000 acres of land, well watered, and with buildings ample and adapted expressly to the purpose. There are now on the place 31,000 head of cattle and 1200 horses, worth, all told, about $1,000,000.

—Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who has been spoken of as likely to succeed to the Mastership of University College, Oxford, denies that there is any probability of his doing so, and declares that Canada is permanently his home.

—WALT WHITMAN, who has been some time in Boston, looking after the printing of his poems, spends a day occasionally with Mr. EMERSON, at Concord, with whom he dined on Sunday last.

—The ex-Empress EUGÉNIE is still inconsolable at the loss of her son. She lives almost alone, does not speak of politics, and takes no interest in what is going on in the world outside. She has an income of $250,000 a year.

—Mr. DALRYMPLE, whose farm at Fargo, Dakota Territory, is forty-five miles long, one mile wide, and on which he has this year raised 600,000 bushels of wheat, is divided into five divisions of 6000 acres each. Each of these is again divided into battalions, with a foreman or major, who has charge of 2000 acres. Under him are three companies, each having a captain, and cultivating a section, which is 640 acres of land. Each superintendent plants his crop and harvests it, reporting from time to time to Mr. DALRYMPLE, who directs and oversees the whole, but spends the greater part of his time at the office, planning and calculating for the best results from the smallest outlay. The superintendents are responsible for the good order of their men, stock, and machinery, and there is a decided rivalry between them as to which can produce the biggest crop. When the ploughing commences in the spring, the men go out in gangs, each taking 640 acres, under the direction of a foreman, who rides along on horseback to see that the work is done properly. Everything is in the military style.

—Professor ESMARCH, an eminent surgeon of Kiel, is the first man who has broken through the traditions of German royalty. Not only has he married the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, but his marriage has been cordially accepted by the imperial family of Germany, whom they often entertain. When the Professor lately attended the Medical Congress in London, the Crown Princess took particular pride in presenting him to her mother the Queen. Thus slowly but surely ability overcomes the traditional social conventionalities of courts, and intellect is gracefully awarded the position it merits.

—Mr. MOERLIN, an opulent brewer of Cincinnati, a few days ago commenced to administer upon his own estate by making a donation of $250,000 to his children—to his son JOHN, $50,000; to GEORGE, $50,000; to JACOB, $50,000; to LIZZIE, $50,000; to his married daughter, LENA BORN, $40,000, and $10,000 to her husband, CONRAD BORN.

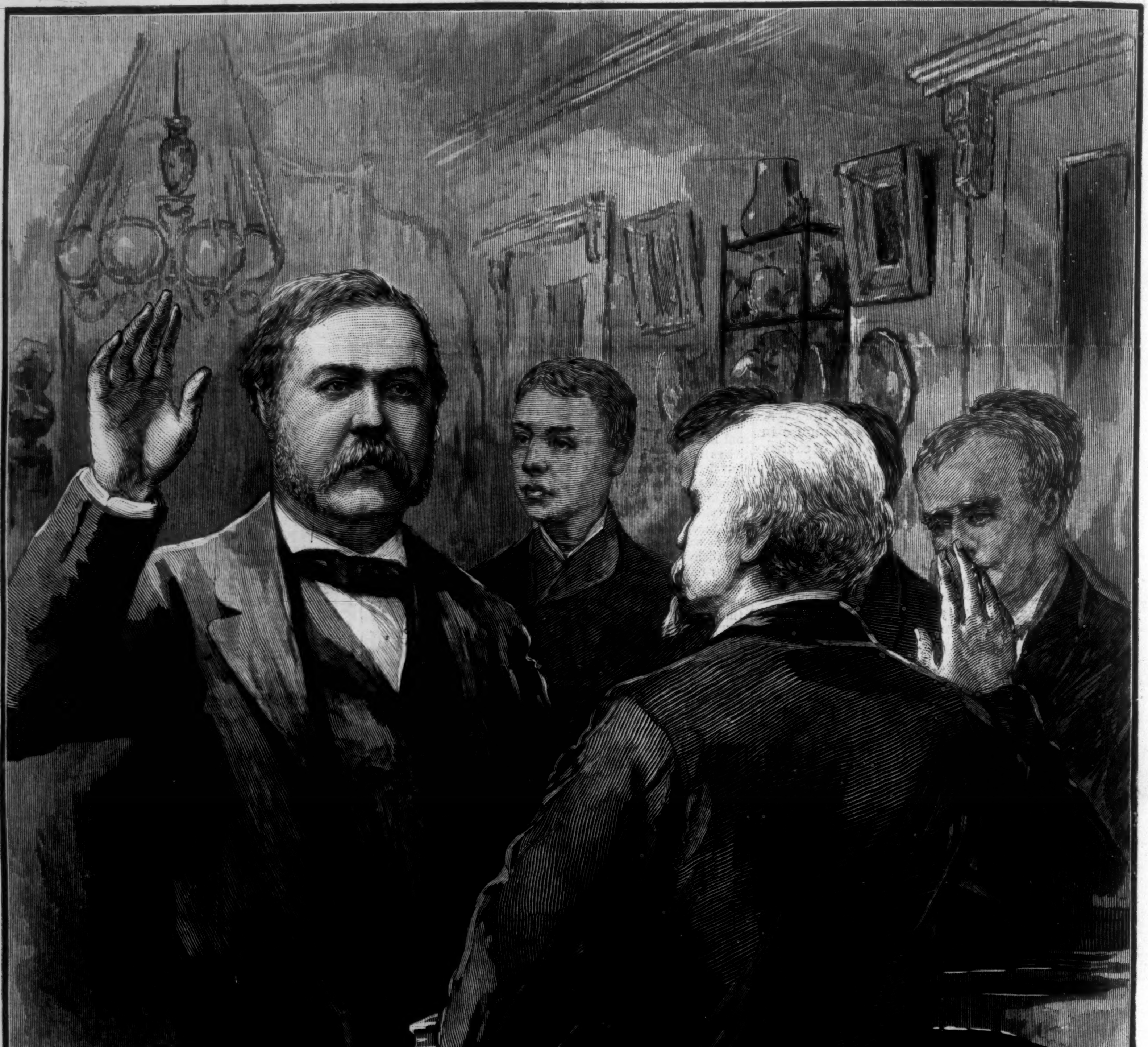
—Even in Parliament the tedium of legislative proceedings is relieved by a little honest hilarity. During the recent discussion of the Land Bill a cynical friend of the Ministry was asked what he thought of it. He replied, "It is like the Athanasian Creed—we all believe it, though we do not understand it."

—JAMES JONES, the colored body-servant of JEFFERSON DAVIS when he was captured, is now a jailer in Raleigh, North Carolina. Though a Republican, he is always ready to say a kind word for his old master. He was not, however, Mr. DAVIS'S slave.

—There is no male descendant of DANIEL WEBSTER now living who bears his name. The only descendants living are grandchildren of GRACE WEBSTER, who married SAMUEL APPLETON, by whom she had four children—SAMUEL, DANIEL, CARRIE, and JULIA. DANIEL died childless; SAMUEL married a daughter of General ABERCROMBIE, and now lives in Massachusetts; CARRIE married NEWBOLD EDGAR, of New York, and after his death Colonel JEROME BONAPARTE; JULIA married Mr. ARMISTEAD, of New York. As these children, excepting DANIEL, still live, it will be seen that there are two granddaughters and one grandson of DANIEL WEBSTER alive at the present time. They are Mrs. BONAPARTE, Mrs. ARMISTEAD, and SAMUEL APPLETON.

—HENRY TODD, of Darien, is the richest colored man in Georgia. When a youth, his master died, and left him his freedom for faithful attention during the slave-holder's last sickness. The family kept him on at a handsome salary as assistant overseer. He soon bought land, and afterward slaves, and at the fall of the Confederacy lost twenty negroes and some money in Confederate bonds. But this he made good by selling at fifty cents a pound a crop of cotton he had saved. He is now worth about $100,000; is married, and has five children, well educated; owns a country place in the mountains, whither he hies in hot weather; and he is highly respected by everybody who knows him.

—A few days since a lady who has taken an active interest in the "Sea-shore Cottage" at Long Branch stopped at the cottage of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS for a brief call. After a little chat, Mr. C. asked, "How goes the 'Cottage'?—does it meet your expectations?" "Ah, sir," replied the lady, "if you could see how they enjoy the holiday which you have helped to procure for them, you would think it did, and more. One poor woman came up to me the other day, and said, with tears in her eyes, 'I have not had a rest before in twenty years.'" "Well," said Mr. CHILDS, who had previously contributed generously to its funds, "you must have some more money." "I did not come for that purpose," answered the lady, "but simply to make a call." "Yes," continued Mr. C., "but here is something more for you," and handed her a crisp bank-note, the value of which was indicated by three figures. "Give your money while you have it; don't leave it for others to do," was the characteristic remark which Mr. C. habitually makes at such times. The lady thought it very good preaching and very good practice. So will everybody else.



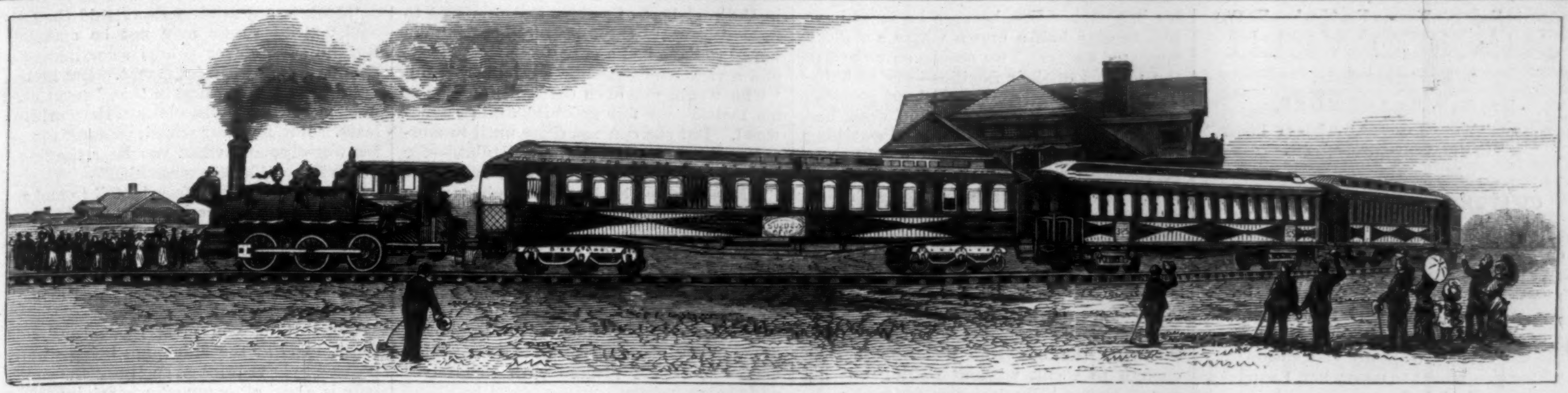
PRESIDENT ARTHUR TAKING THE OATH AT HIS PRIVATE RESIDENCE.—Drawn from Life by J. W. Alexander.

## TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.

As the result of communications with members of the cabinet, it had been understood that in the event of President GARFIELD's death his successor should take the oath of office without delay. As soon, therefore, as General ARTHUR received the telegram from Attorney-General MACVEAGH announcing the President's decease, several of the Vice-President's friends, who were with him at the time, went out in search of a judge. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning Mr. ELIHU ROOT and Dr. P. C. VAN WYCK returned with Judge BRADY, and soon afterward Judge DONOHUE came in with District Attorney ROLLINS and Police Commissioner FRENCH. As Justice BRADY came first, he was asked to administer the oath. There were then present in General ARTHUR's parlors, besides himself and his son and those named above, only General ARTHUR's private secretary, J. C. REED, making nine in all. General ARTHUR and Justice BRADY stood in the centre of the front parlor, and the others were standing closely around. It was a very striking scene, the time of the night intensifying the impressiveness that all the other circumstances gave to it. At its conclusion there was some quiet conversation before the visitors started for home.

This scene took place on Tuesday morning about half past one o'clock. On his arrival at Washington on Thursday it was decided, on consultation with members of the cabinet, that as he had taken the oath in New York before a State magistrate, and as no national record of the fact existed, it would be better to have the oath administered again by the Chief Justice of the United States, so that the official evidence that the Vice-President had taken the oath of office as President would appear in the records of the Supreme Court of the United States at the national Capitol.

The ceremony was brief and impressive. There were present Chief Justice WAITE, ex-Presidents GRANT and HAYES, General SHERMAN, the cabinet, ex-Justice STRONG, and a few Senators and Representatives. The Chief Justice read the oath to President ARTHUR, and the latter, after having assented to it, read a brief address, assuming the office. During the reading he was deeply affected, and his voice trembled perceptibly. Those present then paid their respects to him as President, and after some informal conversation the assembly dispersed.



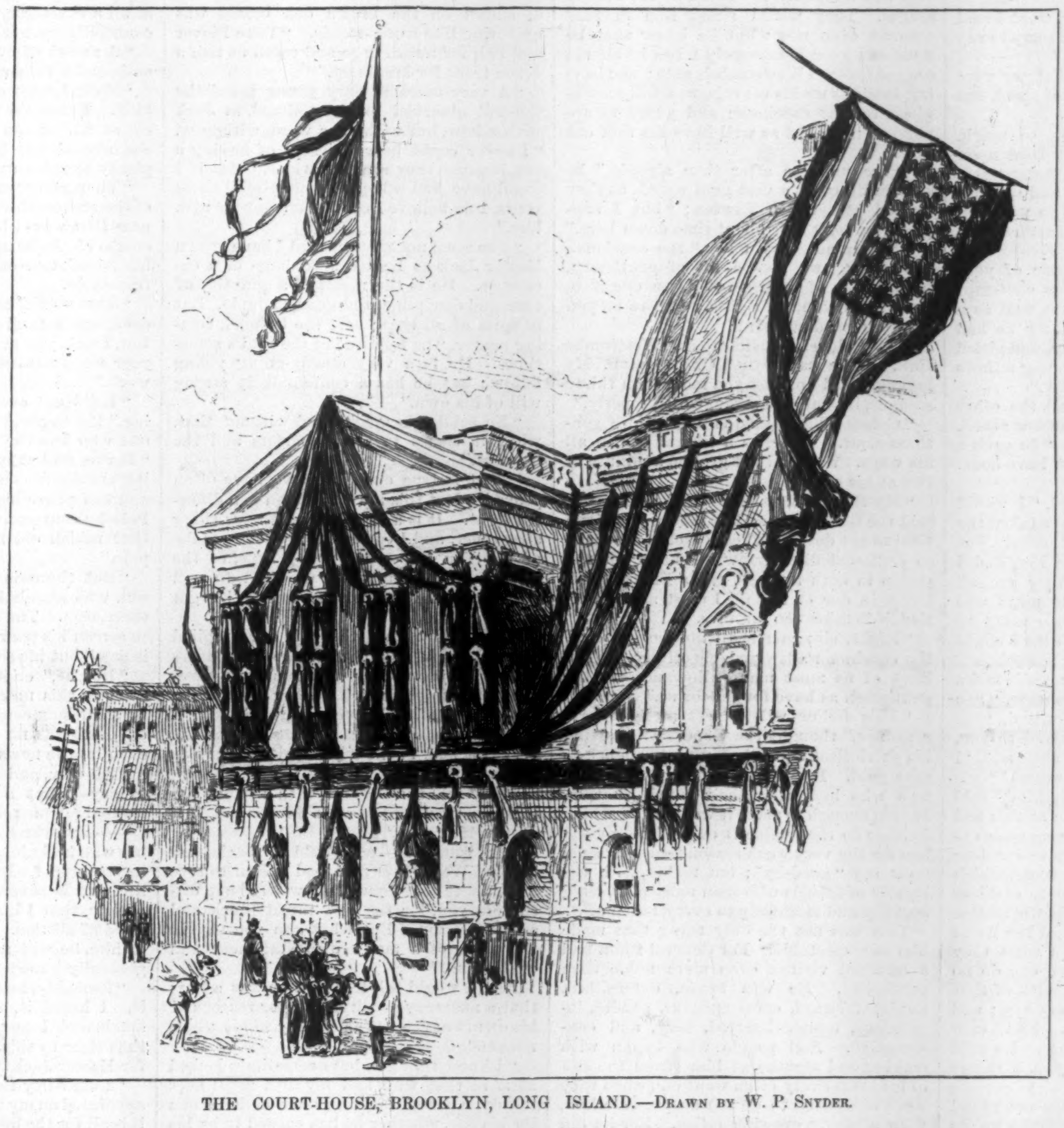
THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT ELBERON.—Photographed by Pach.

## LAST HONORS.

The mournfully impressive and solemn scenes that attended the removal of the late President's remains from Elberon to Washington, and thence to their last resting-place in the beautiful cemetery on the shore of Lake Erie, have been so fully described in the daily papers that we need not recount them here. Nothing more touching has been witnessed in this country since the death of President Lincoln. The quiet crowds of people who stood with bowed and uncovered heads along the route over which the train passed—the same route by which the living President was borne to the sea-side only two weeks before—the draped and lowered flags, the public buildings and private houses decked with the emblems of mourning, all showed the intensity and comprehensiveness of the nation's grief.

As one of the many incidents showing the intense feeling of the South, we give a picture of the Richmond (Virginia) Howitzers, under Lieutenant Barrett, which fired a mourning salute of minute-guns, by order of the Governor of Virginia, when the news of the President's death was received. The view is on Capitol Square, Richmond. It is a noteworthy fact that this battery fired the first gun on the Confederate side at the battle of Big Bethel, and is supposed to have fired the last gun at Appomattox.

On page 664 we give a view of the Rotunda in the Capitol at Washington, where the remains of the dead President lay in state. Thousands of people passed in orderly and solemn procession on either side of the casket on Wednesday night and Thursday, pausing a moment to take a last look at the face of the dead. Among them were hundreds of colored farmers from the country, who drove to the city in their poor carts to take part in the last honors paid to the dead President at the national capital. Their sorry-looking wagons and animals stood beside handsome carriages and richly caparisoned horses; and the ragged and toil-stained farm hands from Virginia and Maryland and the colored laborers of Washington moved side by side with the representatives of wealth and fashion past the unpretentious casket that inclosed the remains. A few policemen were present outside, but their services were not required.



THE COURT-HOUSE, BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

THE RICHMOND (VIRGINIA) HOWITZERS.—Photographed by G. W. Davis.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

# CHRISTOWELL.

## A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—(*Continued.*)

GENERAL PUNK.

"VERY well; now you may go on," said Colonel Westcombe; "and I will make all allowances for you, Jack."

"Well, sir, I went up to Miss Arthur, as any one but a sneak must have done. And I told her exactly what my views were."

"That you meant to marry her, I suppose, without anybody's leave except her own and the parson's?"

"How could I put it in so coarse a way?" the young man asked, with an under-cut at his admirable father. "No, sir, what I said was very mild indeed, and I am sorry to say that there was nothing settled."

"Do you mean to say, Jack, that you were so afraid of me that you durst not speak out in a straightforward manner?"

"No, it was not quite that so much. Though of course you are very hard upon me. But I felt that I could not press a young lady—very young still, and without any mother—to engage herself to me, even if she liked me, against her father's wishes and my own father's too."

"Then, after all, nothing came of your proceedings." There was some contempt in Colonel Westcombe's voice, as well as a little touch of disappointment, for he had taken a very great liking to Rose, and pitied her peculiar position. "You young fellows never know your own minds now."

"What are we to do, with all the other minds against us?" the young fellow asked, as if his will were only wax. "In such a state of things, what would you have done, sir?"

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, "I would have done just this: I would have taken the young lady in my arms, very tenderly, but without any warmth to alarm her, and I would have said, 'My dear, they are all against us; but if you stick to me, I will stick to you, and the Lord will carry us through with it,' and possibly then I might have kissed her."

"Sir," answered Jack, with a smile and a blush, for his mind was very delicate, "you have taught me the proper thing to do next time, and I am very much obliged to you, and if I ever have such luck I shall add, 'I am acting on my dear father's orders.'"

"You will add nothing of the kind," said the Colonel, trying not to smile at this bad turn of the case; "I authorize no such extreme proceeding. I have not to consider my own wishes only, nor even yours, which are yet dearer to me. I have to consider what is right and upright. And the matter is full of grave difficulties. And the worst of it is that I can not tell you what they are. However, I think that we can do no great harm by drinking the health of that sweet girl. Fill your glass, my boy; and here is my love to Miss Rosie. I will candidly own that I like her dearly. I would not desire a better wife for you, if things can only be brought round."

"I don't care whether things are round or square," cried Jack, after standing up (as decency used to require when a lady's health was given); "but if you are with me, sir, as you now have pledged yourself, the only trouble for me is to make her love me."

Having a very high opinion of the extraordinary merits of his son, Colonel Westcombe would not say a word of any sort upon that particular point, upon which Jack was hoping for something to strengthen him. But his father seemed afraid of making him conceited. At any rate, he only shook his head, and looked sagacious. And then they went to see John Sage.

There was nothing on the turnpike-roads of England to be compared now with the "Quicksilver" mail, which ran at the full speed of horse, whip, and man, right away from Exeter to London and back in the duplicate, crossing one another, with scarcely time for Jehus to lift elbow. Although the Rail was open now considerably westward, the "Quicksilver" held her own—from her haste she was a female—and swallowed up the plains, and the hills as well, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, from the General Post-office to the London Inn, at Exeter. Then with a modified but still rapid speed—far greater than that of our suburban trains—she went on to Plymouth, and even to Falmouth, with some loss of vehemence among the quiet Cornishmen.

General Punk was not the man to travel inside the best coach that ever breathed, or panted—by means of its horses; moreover, he liked to save his money, whenever he could do so without self-expense. He rode upon the roof, and let nobody know what his importance was, because he must have had to give half a crown where a shilling answered nobly. Two coachmen retired to the bosoms of their families—one at Salisbury, and one at Exeter—without guessing what a hero, both of fame and cash, had been sitting behind them, and watching them keenly, and giving them a shilling to be thankful for. If they had known, they would have looked each one at his shilling arithmetically, as the time-hallowed manner of the cabman is, who seems to say, "There are twelve pence in it, and I scorn you for every one of them."

But when the Quicksilver began to lose some of its too mercurial properties, westward of the faithful city, and a coachman sat upon the box who had almost time enough to speak without pulling out his watch, General Punk came forward well, with some very shrewd remarks about the weather, every one of which would have cost him twopence if offered in the earlier stages. They would stand him in that amount even now; but he knew that he must come out handsomely when he should stop at Colonel Westcombe's gate; and having brought up his courage to a full crown-piece, for the coachman and guard to apportion, he might as well have his talk out of it.

"Five minutes after time already," he said, pulling out a vast gold watch, as they trotted past South Tawton; "but I suppose you don't care about time down here."

"No, sir, not very much," the coachman answered; "we gets a lot of gentlemen, with heaps of luggage, that we ought to have left behind, of rights. Where be you going to get down, sir?"

"At Colonel Westcombe's, Westcombe Hall, a little way beyond Okehampton. My luggage need not cost you more than thirty seconds, if you have arranged it properly."

"Colonel Westcombe is a very nice gentleman, sir. Likewise a liberal one in all his ways. We shall not grudge a minute or two at his gate."

"My things must be handled with care," said the General; "and it takes me a little time to get down. These coaches are made so confoundedly narrow. I have got the cramp in both my legs, and a Frenchman's bullet in one of them. I must not be hurried, if it takes ten minutes."

"Right, sir; you shall not be hurried," the coachman answered, cheerfully. "The likes of us must make allowance for the gentlemen as have fought for us."

"This fellow will expect at least half a guinea," thought the General, regretting his patriotism, and relapsing into silence to save gold. For here was one of those rich men who look after their money sharply, having enough to make it worth their while. Neither do they value it one halfpenny the less for the very weak reason that they soon must say "good-by"; but rather, with the loyalty of friends who soon must part, cling heartily and faithfully to every token of it.

This was not the only thing that made him so respectable. For General Punk had a hundred virtues even more noble than parsimony. He was brave, determined, straightforward, contemptuous, candid, loquacious, tender-hearted, fiery, and conservative. And people who began with making sad mouths at him (from the salt of his crust) very often went on (when they were compelled to do so) deeper into him, with a nicely growing relish. For he did not pretend to be a superior man.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

THE sagacious Jack had brought down a pair of steps, for he knew that General Punk was shaky in his lower members. That distinguished officer had never been at Westcombe Hall before, and was now determined to have a good time of it. When last he came to shoot something or somebody in the company of his ancient friend, Colonel Westcombe was a poor man, living in a little house near Frome, and only able to procure, from wealthier neighbors, a day or two of sport, just to keep his hand in. But the General had enjoyed his visit rarely, and abstained from shooting anything, except a little piece of Jack. Now when, with the help of that young man, he was safely landed at the Colonel's gate, and rendered into the owner's arms, the General counted all his boxes, blew up his man because one of them was uncorded, and then shook hands with everybody, including John Sage, who had a red waistcoat on. "Magnificent," he said—"magnificent! I had no idea there were such hills in England."

In honor of this special guest, Mrs. Westcombe came down that day to dinner, which she very seldom did; not from any small reserve, but because she could not take food like the rest, and feared to make her visitors uncomfortable. And the Colonel was in the very best of spirits, and prepared to fight his way through anything. "We hoped to have had a very lively young lady, and a very handsome one as well," he said, "who would put even General Punk upon his mettle—my fair godchild, Julia Touchwood. But she can not come until to-morrow. Prepare yourself to capitulate—for the first time in your life—my friend."

"Mrs. Westcombe, I have brought my two stars with me, as big as those on the panels of the 'Quicksilver.' Would you recommend me to wear them? Or will they only be my death, like my old friend Nelson's?"

Mrs. Westcombe laughed, and they got on well together, for the General had always a good word among the ladies. He looked down upon them, and yet up to them, which makes them feel pleased with themselves and their admirers.

"Jack, you be off now. We want to talk about you," Colonel Westcombe said, when the dessert was done with, and the upshot of sunset on the brown oak beams was quivering like water-weeds. "Take Plover and Bell for a run, or go and catch us half a dozen trout for breakfast."

"A very extraordinary young man," the General observed to the Colonel, as Jack with a bow, but without a word, withdrew. "I never could bear the idea of having a son, because they are so envious. But if I could have had a boy of such discipline as yours, I do believe I could have got on with him."

"You must not suppose that I have grown Master Jack as I grow a cabbage or a cucumber. He is the result of a quantity of care, and discipline, and good example. But in spite of all that," said the Colonel, coming nearer, "he falls out of the ranks sometimes. He is a very steady-going young fellow; but he has a confoundedly strong will of his own."

"No soldier is much good without that, when it comes to close quarters and the bayonet."

"That is true enough, as we have often proved. But this must be taken in a different light. It is a most extraordinary thing altogether, and I can not tell what to make of it. You remember young Pole, of the 'Never mind Whats,' as we used to call them, and the mysterious scrape he got into?"

"I should rather think I did," replied General Punk, shaking off the drowsiness of his long journey. "Westcombe, that was one of the things which I never could make head or tail of, and never hope to do so."

"You would have said that he was the very last man in the whole British army to act as he did?"

"Sir," said the General, with a strong expression, "I would as soon have believed it of myself or you."

"So would I—so would I," exclaimed Colonel Westcombe; "I had reason to love and admire that young fellow, as I have often told you, for the very rarest pluck and self-possession. But what can you say, in the teeth of a man's own statement and confession?"

"Sir, I would tell him that he was a liar; that a man may speak falsely for reasons of his own, but can not act falsely to his whole nature."

"I know that you have sometimes looked at it in that way, and my own mind goes with you. But the man lives under a ban for his life, whether he has earned it by his deeds or by his words. And you would not like your only son to marry that man's daughter."

"Certainly not, while the father lived uncleared. But he is dead long ago. And his daughter may be pardoned."

"You are a generous man, as well as a man of the world," Colonel Westcombe answered, with a sad look at his friend. "But Pole is not dead. He is living here on Dartmoor, and my son Jack is in love with his daughter. And, worse than that, he has engaged himself so far that he can not honorably draw back."

"What a kettle of fish, to be sure! It serves you quite right for educating him. We never wanted any education. I can spell 'Officer,' but I can't spell 'Military.' And I don't believe the sharpest fellow on the staff could do it—or at any rate not without three tries. What did you send him to Oxford for?"

"Because he was such a dab at Latin, and there wasn't any fighting to be got. However, it is too late to talk about that. The question is, what am I to do? And before you can say a word upon that point you must listen to all that I have got to tell you."

"A young fellow is generally at his worst from two to four and twenty," General Punk, with good reason, declared, having suffered lately from one of them. "He looks back with contempt upon boys, who are a thousand times more amusing than himself, and he is stupid enough to hold his tongue when he might make pleasant blunders."

"Jack is a sensible fellow," said the Colonel, "although he may not be amusing. But he says clever things sometimes, according to my weak judgment. But he has not done a clever thing in this, I must confess—according to the views of the world, at least. But, my dear friend, we must not be too worldly; and when you hear the facts, you will be able to excuse him."

After this little preface, he fell to and recounted (so far as he knew it) all the story concerning his son and Rose Arthur. The General listened as a judge does to a junior counsel, with a patronizing smile and comfortable nods, to show that he was attending.

"One thing you must remember," said the Colonel at the finish, not being wholly pleased to have it taken coolly—"the young lady is a girl after my own heart, innocent, lady-like, gentle, and affectionate; careful and thrifty, an admirable cook, highly accomplished, most elegant, and modest; not at all a chatterer, not at all a gadabout, not contradictory, not full of her own beauty—"

"A model of every female virtue except cash, and a father who can be produced."

"Well, I must expect you to look hardly at it. But as for the cash, that is no obstacle at all. Upon the whole, I prefer that she should not have it. Jack will have plenty to rub on with."

"Then you would not like her to be one of the greatest heiresses in England? I suppose that would be another obstacle, Westcombe?" As he spoke, the General watched his friend, to test his sincerity, as the best friends do.

"That would be a very great obstacle indeed, and a fatal one altogether, because—But, Punk, you are joking. Her father is a poor man, maintaining himself by his own work."

"I did not even know that he was living," the General answered, with a smile of one who has the clew to an astonishment. "It was said that he had shot himself, and it seemed quite natural. But if he is living, and can prove his identity, he is now Lord Pole by courtesy, the only surviving son of that rakish old hermit the old Earl Delapole."

"But there is a grandson, Lord Pole's son, who stands between this man and the succession. The son of that man who tried to screen his poor brother. I know that he is dead, but his son is living."

"Not he," cried the General; "he is as dead as this nutshell. He was carried off by small-pox some months ago. The poor old Earl was mad about it, and would not even let the news get into the papers."

"Oh why, and oh woe—as old Dods used to say—what a difference a little thing makes! You remember the Marquis of C—— and three bullets that he carried on his watch chain, for intercepting his three interceptors? But Pole lives such a lonely life, and is severed from all his friends so wholly, that I dare say he has not heard a word of all this. And, from what I am told of him, he will not want to hear it. Is it generally known in London?"

"Probably, among all who care to know it. I heard it, but it did not concern me much, and I never thought about it from that time to this. But what a fine chance for Master Jack!"

"I am sorry for the poor fellow, and disappointed on my own account. But perhaps it is all for the best," said the Colonel. "He may fret a little, and he must not walk so much."

"What do you mean?" asked General Punk. "Your course is clear, mapped out, as we used to say, by the march of the enemy. You nab the young heiress at once, of course, and your son is a made man, gets in for the county where the old Earl's property lies, and invites me to shoot over fifty square miles. I have earned that by bringing you this great news."

"No," said Colonel Westcombe, looking sternly, but speaking as mildly as he could to his ancient friend and present guest; "my boy's course is the opposite to that, unless he cuts loose from his father, and from his old father's ideas of"—honor he was going to say, but for fear of wounding his friend said—"justice. Jack must withdraw immediately."

"Rubbish!" quoth the General. "Quixotic rubbish! Westcombe, you are joking. Clinch the nail at once. All is fair in love and war. Who will ever know that you had heard of this?"

"I shall know," replied his host, with the self-control which age had taught him. "And that is the first thing a man must consider. My dear friend, when you come to think, you will see that I could not act so."

"I am sorry if I have given bad advice," the General answered, warmly. "That comes of considering the interest of one's friends. But really your scruples are quite childish."

"Wise or unwise, they are not to be got

over. If you were in my place, you would have them. Now, acting according to them, what am I to do? The position is a most unpleasant one."

"From my point of view, which you reject, the position is a commanding one. But a great deal depends upon one question. Is the girl in love with Jack?"

"That is more than I can say at present. My son is so diffident that he fears to believe it. But I think that she likes him. How could she help it? But he has not had so very many chances."

"If the girl is in love with Jack" (General Punk laid down the law as if he were Cupid's commander-in-chief)—"allow me to put up my bad leg, in the absence of the ladies—then sooner or later she will have him, whatever you may do, my friend, or else she is not a true-born Pole. What is she like? Has she got their chin?"

"I did not notice it particularly, and I did not know then who she was. Her eyes took my attention mainly. Let me see—yes, she has a very good chin, pointed, without being sharp, you know."

"Then she will have Jack, you may depend upon it. The girls always have their own way now. It is not as it used to be. All you have to do is to do nothing, if you will not make a bold stroke for it."

"I must consider. I must counsel with my wife. She always hits upon the proper course. But come, I am neglecting my duty to you. You always have one glass of Burgundy, I know. There is no gout in your system. They have knocked that pretty well out of us both. There is a good side to everything."

"I'll believe it when I find one to my bad leg," said the General, who was not an optimist.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE FRENCH DOCTOR.

EVER since Molière ridiculed doctors, Frenchmen have been ready to follow his example; but doctors are in more general request in France than elsewhere, for the French are not assiduous cultivators of hygiene. Their well-off people fall far short in this respect of the English. They are not so addicted to exercise; they take more stimulants in the form of black coffee, nips of absinthe, and liqueurs; and their dwellings in those tall six-storied houses, where families live in small flats redolent all day of kitchen fumes, are seldom healthy. The lower classes, again, are for the most part ill fed and overworked. They know no Sunday rest, and whether they be steady or dissipated, they are equally prone to weaken their constitutions; for in the former case they live with excessive frugality in order that they may save money, and in the latter case they drink adulterated wine and spirits of the cheapest and most pernicious sorts. Against these evils, rooted in the social system of France, and which produce an enormous amount of anæmia, neurosis, and dyspepsia among the well-to-do, and a constant increase of drunkenness, insanity, and scrofula among the poor, doctors have a difficult task in contending; but they have done wonders of late in coping with such evils as they can cure. Foul slums have been almost entirely swept away from large cities. In Paris the quarters occupied by the poor are as spacious and handsome as those where the rich live. In visiting the new streets built by the Municipal Council, the new schools, hospitals, and asylums, one is struck by the care that has been bestowed upon ventilation and on the appliances for proper lighting, drainage, and cleanliness. A great deal yet remains to be done in some of the old prisons, schools, asylums, and houses of charity, where the inveterate fondness of the French for doing things in a niggardly way when they make no show tends to the perpetuation of dirt in holes and corners, overcrowding, and disease; but on the whole the French, under the impulse of their medical rulers and legislators, are beginning to understand sanitary principles much better than they once did.

In the way of causing food to be inspected, and condemned when unfit for sale, the official doctors have also done good service; and they deserve thanks for this, as they have converted a great many influential publicans and tradesmen into enemies. Last March a laboratory was opened at the Préfecture de Police, where anybody can have articles of food analyzed for a small fee. Scores of people may be seen going there daily with bottles of wine and milk, and the effect of this has been to bring a great many dishonest traders into the police courts for adulteration. Considering how severely magistrates punish this offense, one might imagine that the public could soon force traders to deal honestly if they were in earnest about it. A publican convicted of adulteration not only has his bad wine poured into the gutter in front of his house *coram populo*, but he must exhibit a notice of his conviction on the door-post of his shop for a fortnight; and it is the same with dishonest milkmen. How greatly the public need to be protected, however, is proved by the fact that whenever wine is poured out at a publican's doors, the police have immense difficulty in preventing frugal housewives from rushing forward and filling their jugs with the wasted liquor. When balked in the attempt to poison themselves gratis, they exclaim, regretfully, "Quel dommage!" The late Nestor Roqueplan, "le plus Parisien des Parisiens," used to say that he never ate mushrooms under a republican government, for then the markets were never properly looked after, and he was liable to get toadstools. Such has not been the case under the rule of the present Municipal Council of Paris, for the number of market inspectors has been increased, and they perform their duties apparently without fear or favor. During the recent spell of hot weather they condemned meat and fish by the ton without exciting any of the clamor which often burst out in old times—not so very remote—when the "dames de la Halle" would rise in sedition against incorruptible inspectors, and drive them out.

## RAIN LORE.

To the farmer one of the most important circumstances is the weather, as on it depends the success of his agricultural operations. But science, to quote Mr. Buckle's words, "not having yet succeeded in discovering the laws of rain, men are at present unable to tell it for any considerable period," and hence we still find in use a host of pieces of weather wisdom for ascertaining the rules which regulate it. These, too, have been gathered from a variety of sources, and although many of them are highly fanciful, yet they are largely believed and acted upon. Thus, according to a well-known notion, "the faster the rain, the quicker the hold up," a piece of weather lore which dates as far back as Shakspeare's day, for in *Richard II.* (Act ii., Scene 1) John of Gaunt is represented as saying,

"For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short."

In the Shepherd of Banbury's Observations we are told that "sudden rains never last long; but when the air grows thick by degrees, and the sun, moon, and stars shine dimmer and dimmer, then it is like to rain six hours usually." A further adage on the subject reminds us how

"The sharper the blast,
The sooner 'tis past."

A good many items of weather lore have from time immemorial been associated with what is generally termed "a sunshiny shower." Thus, although it is said never to last long, yet it is an indication, on the other hand, that it will rain on the following day about the same hour. Among the numerous rhymes, we may quote one current in some of the midland counties:

"A sunshiny shower
Never lasts half an hour."

There is a similar one, too, prevalent in the west of England, to this effect:

"Sunshiny rain will soon go away."

According to Fitzroy, there is usually fair weather before a settled course of rain; and in Scotland we are told, with respect to wet weather, that

"Lang foul, lang fair."

There is a popular fancy that rain on Friday insures a wet Sunday, a superstition which has been embodied in the familiar couplet:

"A rainy Friday, a rainy Sunday;
A fair Friday, a fair Sunday."

Another version of this rhyme is the following:

"As the Friday, so the Sunday;
As the Sunday, so the week."

Sunday's rain is in many places regarded as specially unlucky. In Norfolk, for instance, it is commonly said,

"Rain afore chutch [church],
Rain all the week,
Little or much."

This notion extends as far as Scotland, and in Fifeshire the peasantry have a rhyme,

"If it rains on the Sunday before mess [mass],
It will rain all the week, more or less."

Out of the further extensive weather lore associated with rain we may briefly note the following, which is scattered here and there throughout Great Britain. Thus the agricultural peasantry, when speaking of the advantages of rain, tell us that

"Some rain, some rest;
Fine weather isn't always best."

Rain in spring-time is considered a good omen, if we may place any reliance on the subjoined adage:

"A wet spring, a dry harvest."

The indications of approaching rain which are usually observable in the sky are referred to in the following sensible rhyme:

"Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies."

Many of the charms still used by children to avert rain are curious, and the one current in Northumberland is as follows:

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.
When I brew, and when I bake,
I'll gie you a little cake."

In Scotland, says Mr. Chambers, in his *Popular Rhymes*, "youngsters are often heard in a Scottish village apostrophizing rain:

"Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again."

Once more, a charm prevalent in Durham to insure a fine day consists in laying two straws in the form of a cross, and repeating these words:

"Rain, rain, go away,
Don't come back till Christmas-day;"

this mode of procedure, it is said, being seldom known to fail.

## ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Wild-Beast Preserve.—Modern Cannibalism.—Meiningen Lodgings.—A novel Calling.—Tinned Manager.—Bucharest Law.—Wives and Wards in Chancery.

THE name of Bourbonnel is re-assuring, if it does not carry positive conviction with it; but if any other gentleman had offered me two months' tiger-cat shooting in Algeria for £80, I should have my doubts. Nor would these be mitigated by the flowery terms in which they were conveyed. "Being anxious to render some service to my colleagues in St. Hubert. . . .a project has occurred to me. . . .of founding in Algeria a cynegetic establishment for affording sport to lovers of all kinds of game, but chiefly for the hunting of lions and panthers." This enterprising gentleman has "secured a table-land"—he speaks of it as coolly as though he had secured a table in a coffee-room—in the heart of certain forests, where, "in a specially constructed pen" (but not the stylographic one), he intends to keep a number of old and broken-down animals, such as goats, horses, and mules, which will serve as bait for lions. Not only the king of beasts, but tigers, panthers, jackals, lynxes, and tiger-cats will take up their abode in the adjacent ravines, and come within gun-shot of Mr. Bourbonnel's subscribers, among whom will be several ladies "who have already made application to him." All the pleasures of wild-beast hunting will be provided without exposing a limb to the claws of the creatures in question. On the table-land will be erected a casino, with dining-room, billiard-room, card-rooms, a good cellar, and a good cook. This luxurious edifice will be surrounded by "ambuscades" substantially built and level with the ground, so that sport may be combined with safety, especially for the ladies. For our more hardy colleagues in St. Hubert, "open ambuscades will be provided." It seems to me that the whole proposal bears rather a resemblance to this latter provision. Mr. Bourbonnel assures us, indeed, that his lion inclosure will be "unique," and that we do not doubt for a moment; but how can he guarantee lions? Nothing will persuade me that a casino is a likely sort of thing to attract this class of customer. The only safe plan for Mr. Bourbonnel is to take Mr. Wombwell, of caravan celebrity, into partnership—on the same principle as sport is assured by a bag fox.

In one of the Laureate's early poems he describes the aspirations in childhood after the *Arabian Nights*. One of the practices narrated in that attractive volume is now, it seems, being realized in Hayti—that of eating fresh corpses. Every one remembers the young lady, so charming in social circles, but who, in private and after dark, became a ghoul. In Hayti—to judge by a statement in *Vanity Fair* this week—a large minority of the population are ghouls, and no person of tender years and chubby proportions is safe from them. When once one has acquired a taste for human flesh, it is as difficult to break one's self of the habit as it is to give up dram-drinking or opium-eating. It is said, indeed, that the natives of Feejee have been reclaimed from this practice; let us hope it is the case. Mr. Cummings's recent book upon that island (*At Home in Feejee*) describes the past of its people in colors of eclipse indeed. His description of the great chief, who had his enemy hewn gradually, limb by limb, while he cooked and eat them before his dying eyes, is certainly a picture of domestic life which, to use the cautious language of the reviewer, borders on the regions of romance, and even of sensational romance.

A curious proof of the weariness and ennui that came over the Commons before they separated was found in its reception of the great beetle that made its appearance on the floor of the House, and, as Fergus O'Connor used only to promise to do, died there. Its devious course across the matting was watched by crowded benches with absorbing interest. At first it evinced an inclination to join the fourth party, but afterward "ratted" to the ministerial side of the House, to which it was only prevented from attaching itself by a skillful movement of the honorable member for Dundalk. As it had no vote, it was no acquisition, and was eventually trodden on, as might have been expected, by a Home Ruler, amidst indignant cries of "Oh! oh!"

I don't wonder that the Meiningen Company should complain that, "while loaded with enthusiastic applause from princes and the *élite* of the land for their performance on the stage," they were lodged in Seven Dials, "amid gin-palaces, sheep's-trotter shops, and rotting vegetables." But it is not we English who are to blame, but a "prudent administration" of their own which placed them there. One can not expect much in London in the way of board and lodging for "five-and-sixpence a day, all found." And they must remember that their ducal patron did not know that they would be such a tremendous success. The taking of Drury Lane for a foreign company was a very risky speculation. On the other hand, if the players have received no share in the profits, which they may fairly set off against the inconvenience of their lodging and the meagreness of their fare, they have indeed good cause to grumble.

If I had my choice of a calling, I would not be a blood-dryer; and if I could choose my neighbors, I would not live near one. A gentleman of this profession has been summoned for "having caused a process of his business in which offensive effluvia, vapors, and gases are generated, to be carried on in such a manner that they escape into the external atmosphere." This is, of course, a euphemism for making a most disgusting stink. If one knew *what it was* when one smelled it, how infinitely worse it would be! For all I know, blood-drying may be as honorable a trade as rose-growing (though it does not seem to smell as sweet), but, as it happens, I never chanced to hear of it before the present occasion. It strikes me that "The Blood-dryer's Daughter" would not only be a good name, but would suggest a fine *motif*, for a novel. Suppose her in love with an æsthetic young gentleman, and concealing her father's terrible trade from him till he had made her his wife!

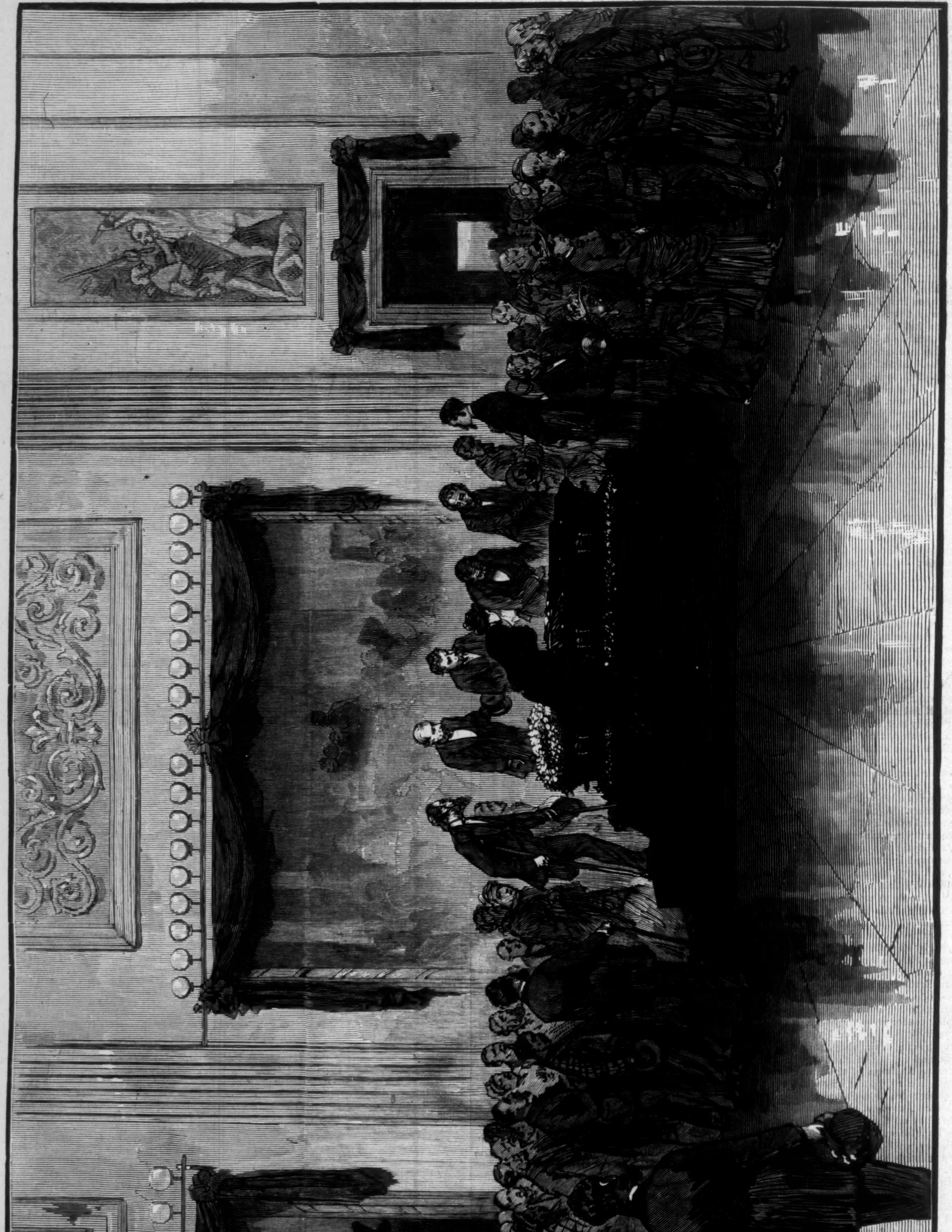
We Londoners have had a very narrow escape from a much more frightful calamity. We learn that the manager of a slaughtering company in Sydney, which sends us tinned meats, has been shut up in the refrigerator, as in the chest in the "Mistletoe Bough," and almost frozen to death. *That* would have been bad enough; but suppose, through the perfection of the company's mechanical appliances, "what went in pig came out sausage," or in this case tinned manager; think of *us*, who form the demand to the Sydney supply!

A principle has been established in the courts at Bucharest which, if admitted in really civilized communities, will strike at the root of domestic life. The wife of a certain general had been ordered by her medical attendant to some medicinal springs. To this the husband demurred, whereupon she took legal proceedings to compel his consent, and the judge has awarded the fair plaintiff £80 toward the expenses of her journey. If this obtains in our own courts, what will become of Paterfamilias? It is bad enough as it is that the family doctor should always recommend one's wife to go where she wishes, but if his suggestions are to have the force of law, where are we, or rather where may we not find ourselves any summer? It will not be Margate or Southend that will be deemed beneficial, but Harrowgate or Buxton at the very least, and we may think ourselves lucky if it isn't Ems or Carlsbad.

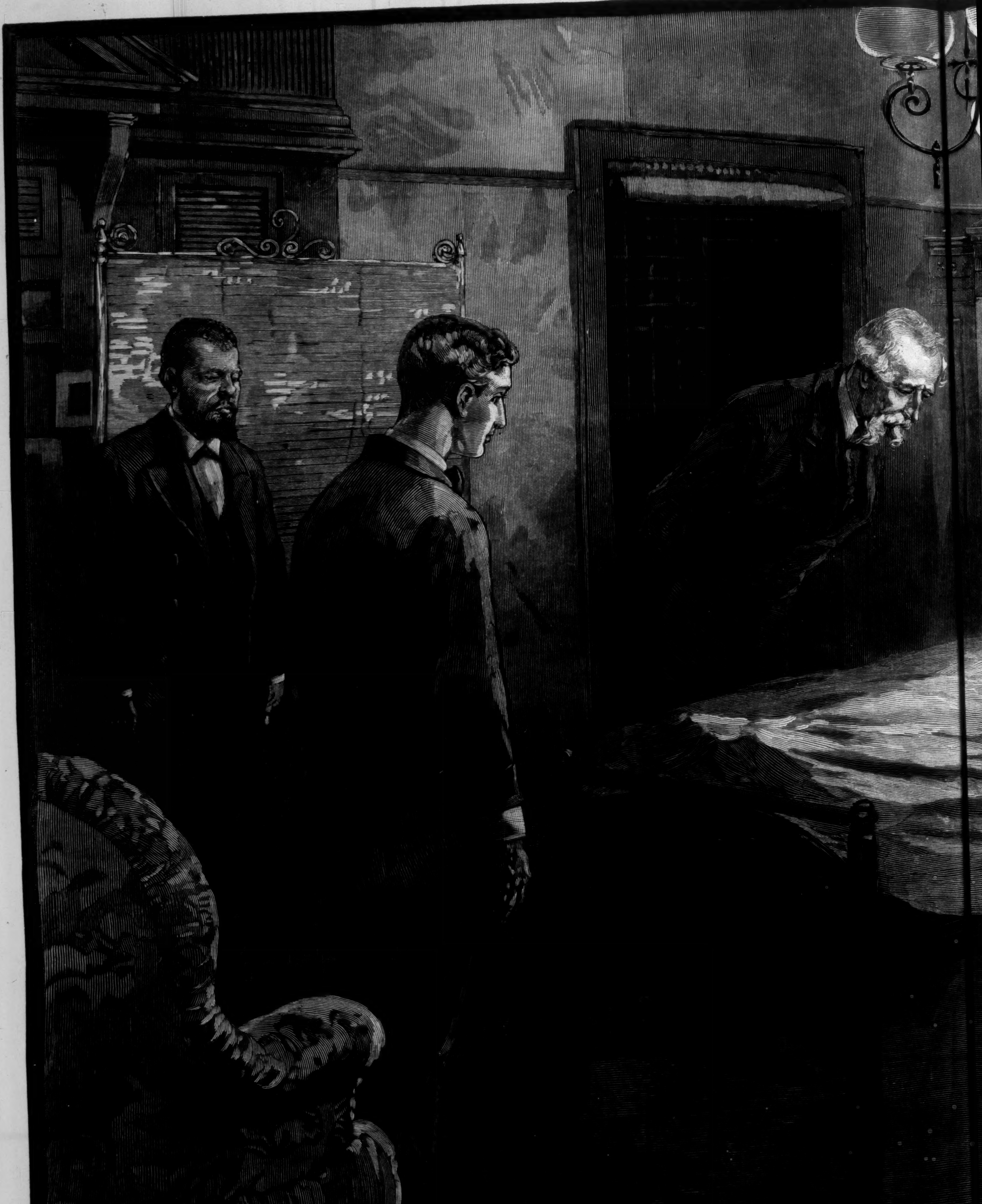
The late Lord Chief Justice, who, however, carried chivalry to ladies a very long way, used to contend that where the honor of a woman was concerned, a man was not even to stop at perjury in defending it from imputation. Alas, how times have changed for our fair enslavers! Mr. Justice Cave has actually committed a lady to prison for marrying a ward in chancery. For my own part, I don't believe in "designing women," and when men talk of them, I always think of the Wolf bewailing the craft and subtlety of the Lamb. But it seems that in the eye of the law the young gentleman who had been made a husband was "an infant," and that the offense resolved itself more or less into one of child-stealing. Ages as well as names are suppressed, but I conclude he was somewhere between seventeen and twenty-one. What a male Imogen, or rather what a male Una! for if he was an innocent, he was unique. For myself, I was always the most well-conducted of young men—"as good as gold," as my aunt and guardian used to call me—but even at that early age, dear me! I would not have been snapped up like a chicken; while of my own sex generally at that epoch I am well convinced that they are much more like young hawks. I am very curious to know what were the relative ages of the parties in the present case. The lady, I read, was "an adult"; if she was over forty, there may be something to be said for the judge's decision, but as for the so-called "victim," my experience is that no more selfish and egotistic creature breathes, or one less likely to sacrifice *himself* in a love affair, than a young man between seventeen and twenty-one. Every one but his mother is aware of it. "No lad knows how his mother loves him; no mother knows how a lad loves himself." And even if the poor girl *was* a hawk, what is the use of putting her in a cage after she has caught her chicken? It is very cruel. She must be let out sooner or later, and what a monstrous advantage it will give to the wedded chick to be able to say, "I married a jail-bird!"

A very interesting application of the telephone is being shown at the Electrical Exhibition in Paris. Telephones are laid on to the galleries every night from the Opera and the Théâtre Français; and you see groups of people standing about holding to their heads what look like supplementary ears. There is an expression now of sadness, now of approbation, now of rapture, on their faces; they look at one another, and express approval with their eyes; and when the end of the solo has been reached, and they hear the clapping of hands and "bravos" of the audience, *they* lay down their supplementary ears and clap and bravo likewise. Could not telephones be attached to books, that popular authors might hear the laughter and sobs of their readers? Only they must be so contrived that yawns and improper words, such as "stupid," and "rubbish," should, like railway tickets, be "not transferable."

R. KEMBLE, of London.



LAST HONORS—LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—From a Sketch by Charles Graham.—[See Page 661.]



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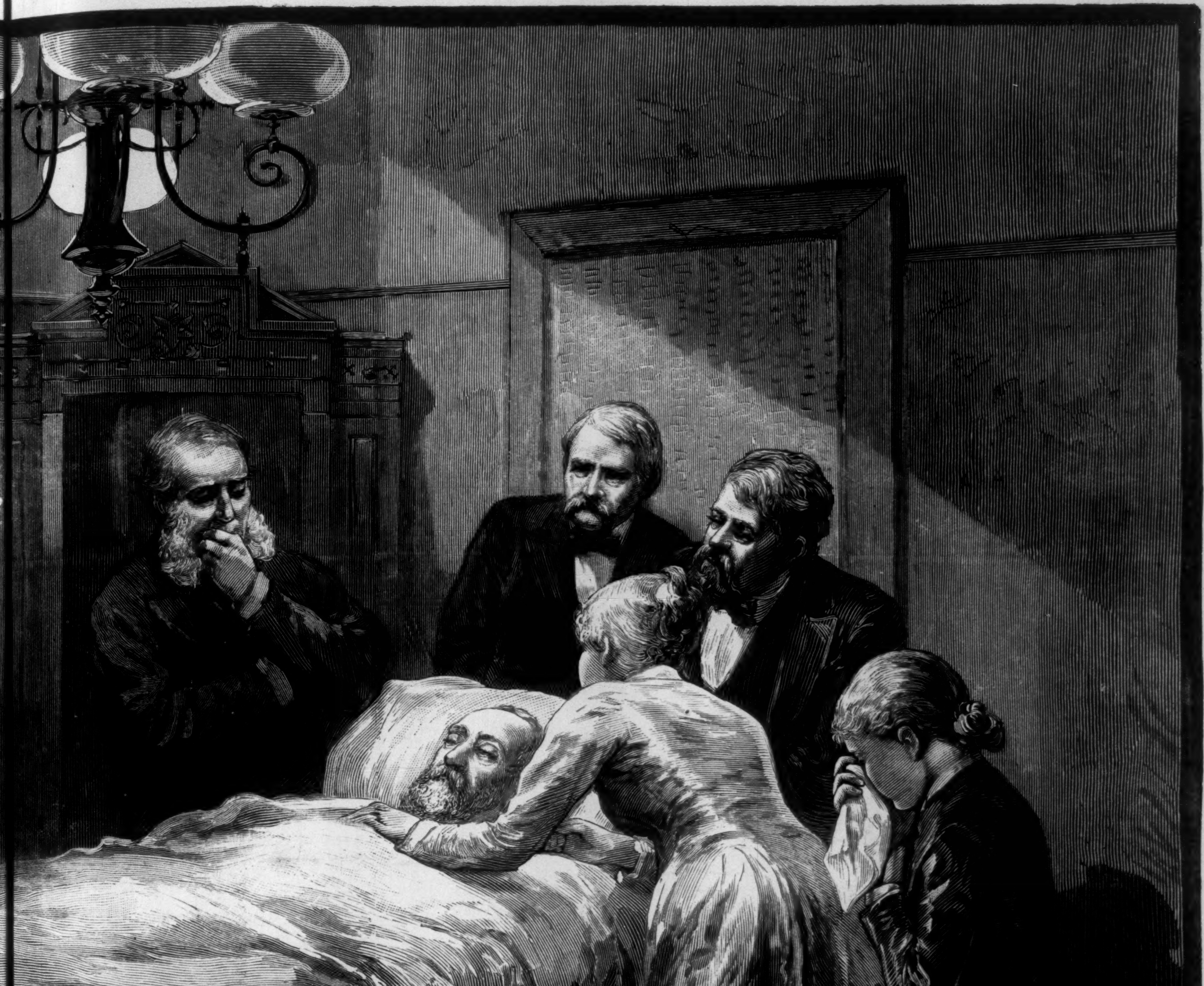

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. ROGERS.

ELIZA BALLOU GARFIELD, THE MOTHER OF OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 666.]

## BELATED.

A SINGLE buttercup I found,
 A star upon my weary way,
As summer closed her heated round,
 And ushered in the autumn day.

A little memory of May,
 That slept too late, as I have done,
And so unknowing gone astray,
 And now stood lonely in the sun.

It seemed with anxious look to ask,
 Are all my bright companions dead?
Or have I slept, forgetting task,
 Until the lovely May has sped?

There waves around me autumn grain;
 I see the ripened apples shine;
I feel the patter of the rain;
 I see the grapes that blush with wine.

Ay, yes, I slept, I sweetly dreamed
 Of babbling brook and azure sky,
And in my foolish fancy deemed
 That flowers like me would never die.

From such a dream why should I wake,
 Afar and in another zone—
Wake only that the heart may break
 To find myself alone, alone?

And this it is to live too long,
 To overpass our proper time,
And hear, instead of merry song,
 The bells of death in solemn chime.

So too with man: youth slept away,
 He wakes to find a useless age,
And wearily from day to day
 Drags out an aimless pilgrimage.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

A MOTHER'S love is one of those priceless possessions for which the earth has nothing to give in exchange. We use it while we have it as a boundless treasury from which we can draw without fear of its exhaustion, and we lose it at last with a pang of ceaseless sorrow. It has been the good fortune of our suffering President that he has had the support in his sorrow of a mother's love and a wife's tender care. He has been surrounded by the fondest associations of home, family, and friends, and has not been left alone to meet the pains of sickness and of death. To his mother he had always been a kind and faithful son, and to her at the first apparent symptom of recovery he wrote a few lines of consolation. Venerable above all is the aged and tender mother, respected for her virtues and her mental strength, her simplicity and truth. Her example, crowned by sorrow, teaches what woman should be, and she has watched from afar off the sick-bed of her suffering son, attended by a nation's sympathy and love.

MRS. ELIZA BALLOU GARFIELD is now eighty years of age. She is small, delicate in figure, yet still acute, intelligent, and mentally vigorous. She knew in her earlier years difficulties and privations, but she has passed through them all successfully, saw her son rise to honorable positions in the service of his country, and at last become its President. Few mothers have been so fortunate as to have such a son; few sons to have kept so long so fond a mother. Yet how many of these venerable and aged women do we meet as years pass on, delicate, worn with time, but still sagacious, wise, benevolent! Their dress is always arranged with a precision and neatness that show unusual care. Their language is always well chosen, they say nothing heedlessly. They are cheerful, with an animation that is never forced, and a wisdom that seems never to despond. If poor, they are charitable with hopeful words and wise counsels; they give what they possess. If wealthy, they add material benefactions. All of us have known these amiable, sagacious American mothers, to whom age brought only new charms, and the close of life a peaceful joy. Such a woman is Mrs. ELIZA GARFIELD; such, perhaps, were the women of history, a CORNELIA rejoicing over her lost sons, and happy in their memories, an OCTAVIA, and the mothers of many useful men; such were the mothers of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and ADAMS; and such is many another around us whose useful virtues are lost in the obscurity of private life. The mothers of America have given their children to their country, and made it what it is.

The country offers to the President's mother in her deep affliction its sympathy and love. In her it sees the symbol of all other mothers watching the sick-beds of their children with incessant care. It reverences the virtues of venerable age. It shared her hopes, it knew her fears, it joins in her grief and lamentation. Love descends upon men at this spectacle of affliction. In the sight of human woe party dies and passion fades. We feel our common weakness, and wisdom awakens in adversity. And so over all this broad and busy land, from Maine to Texas, the President's mother becomes the general mother of us all, teaching a lesson of humanity and peace. As one great united family the people watched around the President's sick-bed, praying for his restoration, and now as one afflicted family they gather around his grave.

For death has snatched from us the object of a nation's, a wife's, a mother's care. The blow is irreparable to all. The pure, amiable, devoted son, husband, citizen, has passed away, amidst the tears of almost half mankind. To the aged mother, what consolations shall we offer? Perhaps the purest and highest will be found in her own unselfish nature. Once before she dedicated him to mankind. "Go, my son," she said in 1861; "your life belongs to your country." It was the lofty spirit of the Roman matron who rejoiced in the memory of her dead son. It was the spirit of the Christian mother who confides in his immortality.

Around the grave of President GARFIELD all parties, sections, differences, fade into nothing. The country is united in one common sympathy. The petty impulses that have sometimes parted us seem lost forever in the presence of death. Never has the lesson of a virtuous life and its tranquil close been more effectively presented to mankind, and never will the people cease to cherish the memory of President GARFIELD. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

# FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AT THE HALL.

STOKEVILLE HALL was to Oak Lodge as an epic is to a sonnet. The latter residence, as we have said, was perfect in its way, but it had no pretensions to grandeur, whereas the former was palatial. Its style was understood to be Italian, and perhaps under an Italian sky it might have had its merits. As it was, the vast (should be) white portico, with its pillars of (long-fallen) snow, suggested neither purity nor poetry, but only the pressing necessity for soap and water. On the broad forehead of this structure was written, as on a phylactery, in letters of gold, the family motto, "*In medio tutissimus ibis,*" the meaning of which puzzled a good many local visitors. The majority imagined that *in medio* had reference to the circulating medium, and freely translated the sentence, "*For Cash Only.*" Others took it to signify "No risks and moderate profits"—a sentiment, however, which years ago would have been more appropriate to Sir Peter's case than at present. Others, again, thought that the aphorism had some reference to the quality of the goods dealt in by the worthy knight, and a few even ventured to hint that it had a moral signification, and suggested that honesty alone (like coffee without chiccory) was not to be so much recommended as when a little mixed.

It was sad to think that a man like Sir Peter could have such detractors; but, on the other hand, it was a consolation to reflect that he would leave a monument of beneficence behind him—the Fibbert Museum, built at his own sole expense, of a material which would survive all their malice.

The hall itself was almost a museum, so well filled it was with objects of art and virtu; and though new in itself, its contents were so carefully selected from ancient sources that, once inside it, you might almost fancy yourself inside a pyramid, or underneath the lava of Pompeii. Not a picture graced the walls that was not centuries old, or at least claimed to be so. If there were not eleven thousand Blessed Virgins, as at Cologne, there was a very large number, and all more or less authentic; at all events, they were exceedingly alike. Virgin and Child, by Goodini; Virgin and Child, by Betterini; Virgin and Child, by Bestini; the Holy Family, by Otherini, etc., etc. The picture-gallery was crowded with them, but not exclusively; they hung beside some very different specimens of ancient art, and which could hardly be called companion pictures—Nymphs who had obviously flourished at a time when there was no Fibbert & Lyster to supply them with cotton goods, and Dryads who would have found Stokeville much too open a country. There were Claudes, too, or what passed for Claudes, with every object included on their canvases that the face of nature affords; and caves, by Salvator Rosa, with robbers carousing in them.

In any old-fashioned country house of the same size as Stokeville Hall these would have charmed every artistic eye, because they would have been almost invisible; but here, where vast plate-glass windows let in floods of light, it was really very trying for them. They seemed to feel themselves in a false position; on Sundays, when the Stokeville sun could work its will, the poor robbers especially, though there was only a smudge of lamp-black and a dab of scarlet to establish their identity, fairly cowered before it.

The Fibbert ancestors, who were collected in the dining-room, in very noble frames, expressed a fine contempt for these surroundings. No expense had been spared in procuring them, but unfortunately no pains had been taken to secure uniformity; so far from looking like one family, they had not a feature in common; the only sign of relationship about them, as Percy was wont to observe, was that they scowled at one another as if their interests were antagonistic; but it might have been that, being old-fashioned folks, they resented the attempt that had been made by the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker to impose upon them. They knew that "*In medio tutissimus*" on the ceiling never came from the Heralds' Office, and that the worm-holes in the oak that lined the room spoke less of the effect of years than of small shot.

The architect whom Sir Peter had employed, after his house was built, to give what flavor of antiquity to it was possible, had done his best, no doubt, and the upholsterer had seconded his efforts; but the result was incongruous. It suggested the device of some eminent receiver of stolen goods who would have folks believe that they were his own furniture. Why the spoils of the chase should have adorned the hall of a man who had never fired a gun in his life "in anger" (as he called the practice of partridge-shooting) was a question not easily answered; but it sank into insignificance beside the inquiry, "Why an armory?" Yet in Stokeville Hall there was a passage (leading to the bath-room) adorned by weapons of all ages, guarded by men in armor, who (their existence in such a spot being naturally unexpected) had frightened many a new maid-servant into fits.

Sir Peter himself passed most of his time in a little room like a pantry at the back of the house, in company with the picture of his own mill as it appeared in infancy—a harmless edifice with one chimney; an old map of the county, wherein Stokeville was represented by six dots, the number of houses it then contained; and the certificate of his knighthood, framed and glazed. In spite of his reverence for antiquity, it was whispered by cynical persons that in his secret heart he had doubts whether anything had taken place of importance anterior to fifty years ago, when the Fibberts began to rise in the world; and it was certain that such out-door dignities as had been earned, for example, at Crecy and Poitiers, seemed very small to him by comparison with his own rank, which had been conferred upon him by his Majesty George the Fourth in person, for distinguished services in connection with a deputation, the precise nature of which had been lost in the mists of time.

In addition to these decorations on the walls of this sanctum, there stood on the table, altar-shaped for that especial purpose, a complete model of the Fibbert Museum in cork, with a plate in front of it like a metal mat, on which was inscribed the date of erection of the building and the name of the donor.

"*Si monumentum requiris,*" the knight was wont to observe, pointing to this edifice (for he was a wag in his way, though he stole his jokes), "*sir—come—spy—see.*" His museum was to him what the Pyramids were to the Egyptian kings; he would have been buried in it if he could, but in default of that, he wished it to be a witness to his greatness throughout all ages. The greatest honor that could be conferred on you as a visitor at Stokeville Hall was to be admitted to this bower to smoke a cigar with your host, who would narrate to you at some length how he had been once a little boy living *there* (here he pointed to one of the six dots on the map), and working *there* (here he pointed to the infant mill) for wage, but that thanks to good luck, and perhaps a rough sort of merit (here he would smile and smooth himself), I have become (here he glanced comprehensively at the certificate and the cork model) what I am. On other occasions, and even the same evening if the visitor was a whiskey-drinker, he would serve up the same narrative, as the cooks say, "another way." He would treat himself as though he were somebody else, and his biography as a sort of parable, the object of which was to show the advantages of diligence and perseverance, and when he had painted the dizzy heights to which the poor but honest lad had risen by his own exertions, he would suddenly surprise his companion (if a judicious person) with the unexpected revelation, "I am that boy."

Besides Sir Peter's sanctum, there was another apartment at the Hall that was an exception to its general style—the boudoir of his daughter. Miss Mildred, or, as she was called by her intimates, Milly Fibbert, had a horror of all "antiquated rubbish." She was young herself (barely six-and-twenty), and disliked anything about her to smack of age. The furniture of her apartment was of the latest design; its ornaments, constantly recruited from Paris or Regent Street, even to the "old blue china," looked always bright and new, and the novels that crowded her pretty buhl table (Percy called it, from its surrounding, "the bull in the china shop") were always "just out."

Milly was more particular in getting her fiction fresh and hot (like muffins) than in its wholesomeness. Her papa was not literary, despite that Latin quotation about his monument, and she was left to her own taste, which was for pickles and sauces, or at all events for entrées, rather than the joint.

I am afraid she endeavored in some measure to reproduce in her own proper person the fast and fashionable heroines of whom she read. "Curiously enough, Milly's favorite writer," said Percy, imitating the lisp of young Frank Farrer, "is Weader." With women and old gentlemen (unless they were superior to herself in rank, in which case she was always on her best behavior) she was languid, lazy, and indifferent; with young gentlemen, on the other hand, she was no longer a Du-du (this was Percy again), nor yet a Don't-don't. She gave them a helping hand if they needed encouragement; and if, on the other hand, they were "great fun," allowed them and herself considerable license.

To look at her now, you would think that butter would not melt in her mouth, so inanimate and calm is her beautiful face, so indolent is her attitude, as she lies on the sofa with a book held aslant in her languid hand. After a eulogistic description of one of his characters, Lavater adds, "But he does not hold his book well," and he would certainly have said the same of Milly Fibbert. But then she could hold it better if she would. She has learned from her pet authors that to be negligent is to be charming, and also that you should never trouble yourself to exhibit interest unless it is worth your while, to a lord, for instance, or a lover. In the present case her only companion was her father, so that, of course, there was no necessity to put herself out of the way. However, as she had not seen him before this morning, for he always breakfasted at eight in order to be at business early, and she generally at ten, she acknowledged, by a gracious movement of her eyelids, Sir Peter's entrance into the room.

He was a man of advanced age, but looked much younger than his years. His hair was plentiful, his figure plump, and out of business hours he wore a roguish smile, the nature of which was disputed. His friends said it was only the sly humor characteristic of the man; his enemies, while admitting the smile, affirmed that it was put on to conceal his roguery, in which it did not succeed. They even mistrusted the twinkle of his eyes, which they averred was too instantaneous to prevent their losing sight of the main chance even for a moment—a fact they further instanced by the fact that when he smiled he always jingled the money in his pockets. His eyes were blue, like his daughter's, and though they never yearned and languished as she had taught herself to do, they were capable of other expressions than that of easy good-nature, which they wore at present. She too, as we have said, was plump; and there all resemblance, except that their years sat lightly on them both, between father and daughter ended. Not even the custodian of his own museum could have called Sir Peter beautiful; but Milly was in her way splendid; her complexion soft as cream, with a subdued color in it, like light through egg-shell china; her well-rounded limbs in exquisite proportion; her brown hair finer than silk, and with a shimmer on it, as though it were the playground of the sunbeams. Percy called her the Princess Blondissima—a name he pretended to have found in a fairy tale; but if she was a fairy, her weight was over the average.

"So, Miss Milly, you have got a fire, have you?" said her father, at the same time taking advantage of it to warm his back; "that is beginning early. I suppose you remember that coals are cheap in Stokeville."

Milly smiled the very faintest smile imaginable; her pretty mouth parted perhaps a hair's-breadth, but she made up for that condescension by almost closing her already half-shut eyes. Who but Sir Peter could have dreamt of associating her thoughts with the price of coals?

"Fortunately cottons are looking up," continued Sir Peter, consolingly.

Milly, unlike the cotton, did not look up; her eyes sought her book a little impatiently. She had been interrupted at a critical point, where the guardsman with the tawny mustache and fifteen thousand a year was endeavoring to persuade the Lady Adeliza

Montblazon to fly with him to the sunny South. "A husband," he said, when she mentioned that obstacle, "like the ledge of a beehive, is made to fly from."

"Have you any news from Oak Lodge, Milly, this morning?" Sir Peter's tone had altered; it was no longer bantering and airy; though not absolutely severe, it had become abrupt. Milly, who knew how very swift with him was the transition between jocularity and irritation, sighed wearily, and, sheathing an ivory dagger in the leaves of her novel to keep the place, resigned herself to conversation.

"No, papa, I have heard nothing from Clare; let us hope that no news is good news."

The philosophic calmness with which she uttered this aspiration would have been admirable had she required to keep her feelings under control, but the fact was they were not greatly interested in the subject. The illness of her friend's father was a matter that only touched her in so far that it made Clare melancholy, and unfitted for the offices of friendship.

"It is my opinion, Mildred, and, what is of more consequence, it is Dickson's opinion, that Lyster will not get over it."

"Poor man!"

The words of the speaker were appropriate enough, but sympathy could scarcely a less distance go than it did in the tone expressed in.

"You are begging the very question I am asking myself," said Sir Peter, gravely. "*Is* John Lyster a poor man?"

"Mr. Lyster poor!" Milly raised herself quite naturally, without thinking (for once) of how she did it, or of her pose afterward. "Why, is he not your partner?"

"Till his death, yes; but that can not be far off."

"That will make no difference to us, however, will it—that is, materially?"

Her concern for the Lady Adeliza Montblazon had been considerable, but there was another young woman in whom, although untitled, it was manifest she took a still warmer interest.

"I should hope not; no, indeed," said Sir Peter, straightening his waistcoat; "but it would be a sad thing for Clare—a dreadful come down in the world."

"It would be shocking, inexpressibly shocking," assented Milly, arranging a bracelet that had slipped too far over her wrist.

"Then there's Percy." These three words dropped with great significance from Sir Peter's lips, but his daughter only acknowledged them by an inclination of her head. Her answer took that form for two reasons. First, she could not trust herself to speak; second, the action concealed her face from her father. She had flushed from chin to brow, and her heart—for she *had* a heart—was beating against her tight-laced stays, like a bird in a cage too small for it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

THE great peninsula of Michigan lies on the map like a clumsy left hand. Stretching up from Detroit between Lakes St. Clair and Huron on the east and Saginaw Bay on the northwest is what the people of the State, with their rude figures of speech, call the "Thumb of the Mitten." The upper part of this smaller peninsula is occupied by the county of Huron, and below that, to the east, the county of Sanilac, to the west Tuscola. These counties originally formed a considerable part of the great white pine region of Michigan, which furnishes such enormous quantities of valuable timber to the Chicago market, the greatest distributing centre for lumber in the world. Ten years ago this section was very sparsely inhabited, only 37,000 inhabitants being reported for the three counties in the census of 1870. These were mostly Poles, Scandinavians, and Canadians, with a sprinkling of New-Englanders. They were engaged almost wholly in lumbering, with such scant and scattered attempts at farming as were necessary to raise the winter's supply of food for man and beast on the clearings from which the lumber had been cut.

On the terrible day that Chicago was burned a fire started among the pine forests, and in a few hours rendered several hundred families homeless, and drove them in desperate flight to the shores of the lake, leaving behind them, in the ruins of their little houses or on the blackened ground of their now barren farms, scores of dead bodies, and the carcasses of nearly all their live stock. The calamity was justly deemed a fearful one, and in the hearts of a whole nation stirred to pity by the sufferings of the people of Chicago there was still room for a generous outburst toward these stricken woodsmen. Aid was sent them from Detroit, Toledo, Milwaukee, from the cities of the East, and—signal proof of the wonderful energy of that remarkable city—from Chicago itself. With that patient industry and that courage which often mark the pioneers of the Old World in the forests of the New, the survivors of the fires of 1871 set to work to wrest a living from the scorched soil. Nature with its kindly healing seconded their efforts. Gradually modest farms began to spread through the region denuded of its pine-trees. Corn was found to prosper where before it had failed. Orchards of considerable value stretched along the hill-sides, and good pasture covered the clearings so suddenly and fearfully made. In accordance with the mysterious principle of variety which governs in such cases, hard-wood trees sprang into healthy growth from the ashes of the pines.

The tide of emigration turned one of its currents along the shores of Lake Huron. When, a year ago, the census-takers again passed through the three counties in the "Thumb of the Mitten," they found 72,000 inhabitants, and an estimated wealth of over $17,000,000. The gallant and sturdy immigrants, with their recruits, had doubled the population, and more than doubled the resources of the region which, at the opening of the decade, had been so terribly devastated.

During the past summer the work of farming and of clearing the forests had gone steadily and hopefully on. A long drought, bad for the crops, had offered to the farmers some compensation in the ease with which the standing stumps and the brush-wood could be removed by fire. Time had dimmed the memory of the awful disaster of ten years ago, and on a thousand fallows the farmers lighted their brush fires, and counted the harvests that would next year be reaped where the facile flames were merrily doing the work of the axe and the brush hook. It was a fatal device. Suddenly on Monday, the 5th of September, the villagers in the northwest part of Sanilac County found the sun blotted out by gathering smoke. By noon it was as dark as evening; by three o'clock a blackness worse than night had settled over the country. On every side, beyond the pall of smoke, the roar of flames was heard, and the terrified people realized that the fires of 1871 had been again started on their cruel way. They spread at first north and east toward Lake Huron across ten or a dozen townships. Following them, other bodies of fire, starting farther west, swept the lower part of Huron County, and turned southward into Tuscola, and along the western edge of Sanilac. It is idle to try to imagine the scene. The vast mass of heated air and burning gases formed currents of incalculable force, which whirled in every direction. Some villages seemed to have been found surrounded in an instant on every side. The people fled through the deepening darkness toward the nearest water, most of them toward Lake Huron. For three days the fires worked their way.

As nearly as can be gathered from a comparison of the scattered reports, the belt devastated is sixty miles in length north and south, and from ten to thirty miles in width. It embraces nearly the whole of the eastern half of Huron County, the eastern half of Tuscola, and the greater part of Sanilac counties. The area of the belt is approximately twelve hundred square miles, or three-quarters of a million of acres, on which nearly everything is destroyed. Thirty villages are reported to have been burned, most of them completely. Estimates of the number of lives lost vary. None of them fixes it at less than five hundred. Some of them place it as high as one thousand. The number of families driven from their homes is not less than fifteen hundred. It may easily be two thousand. How can they be counted? In many a lonely farm-house, built of logs, standing in the centre or on the edge of a small clearing, with the woods stretching far in every direction about it, a hardy pioneer with his family has been burned to death. Correspondents sent out from Detroit and Chicago recount that they came across processions in which six, eight, ten, lifeless and blackened forms, loaded on a single wagon, were followed by one mourner, the sole survivor of a family, conducting to burial the bodies of his wife and children. How many other cases there must have been where none survived, and the ashes of the home became the common unmarked grave of all!

Again, nothing can convey an adequate notion of the confusion that must have prevailed. We have accounts of men and women, blind and crazed with fear, led by their relatives or neighbors from the path of the flames into which they were bent on plunging. Forlorn creatures were picked up from the pools by the road-side in which they were rolling, imagining that they were burning. Borne to a place of safety and cared for, some of them awakened from the sleep of exhaustion raving maniacs, with the awful hallucination that they were being consumed by the flames. One poor woman, whose little fortune was in two or three cattle, rushed after them as they fled into the tangled bed of a dried swamp, and perished miserably by their side. The population of entire townships, numbering many hundreds, were found huddled upon the shores of the lake, when the rains which fell on Wednesday night had so far checked the flames that the burned districts could be reached. Shelterless, with scant clothing or nearly naked, without food, and shivering in the storm, which had barely saved their lives, many died from hunger and distress before succor could reach them.

Amid such scenes no accurate details can be expected. But the fact of the incalculable sum of misery which has fallen upon the devoted community is only too clear. The lives lost are very many, including necessarily those of men and women who leave helpless families behind them. Of the survivors there are thousands whose whole fortune—small at best, and valuable only because it aided their labor—is swept away. The appeal which these facts make to generous hearts is inexpressibly strong. Already many thousands of dollars and large quantities of supplies of food and clothing have been sent out from the Western cities, and more moderate ones from the East. But this sum, large as it seems, can only satisfy immediate and pressing wants. There must be an extended, careful, and systematic provision made to set the unfortunate victims on their feet again, to enable them once more to apply their indomitable energies to the tilling of the soil. Seed grain, farm implements, live stock, and, beyond all, food and clothing for the winter which will soon be upon them, will have to be supplied to thousands. The country can not and will not see these men and women with their families either reduced to pauperism or driven from their land. A great number of them are those who, when the fires of 1871 destroyed the lumber which they were employed in cutting, turned to farming, in hopes to get a livelihood from the soil. Others have responded to the invitation of the American government to become the owners of homesteads on the simple but laborious condition of rendering them tillable and tilling them. Even before this last calamity they were nearly all poor, barely equipped for a hard though hopeful and brave struggle with the land on which they had settled. Years of intense toil and of self-denial and privation which happily are unknown to most of our readers had given them what in their graphic idiom they call "a start." If ever the brotherhood of the human race should be recognized, it is in the presence of such immeasurable suffering and misfortune. A whole community of hard-working people, the very fibre and sinew of the great region in which the nation is extending the foundations of its wonderful prosperity and its splendid character, has been stricken by a sudden and overwhelming blow. Subscriptions may be addressed to WILLIAM DOWD, president of the Bank of North America, New York, or to other agents whose names will be found in the daily papers.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

EVER since the little yacht *Madge*, the famous English racing cutter, arrived in this country on the deck of a steam-ship, American yachtsmen have been casting shy glances at her. They hesitated for a considerable time to challenge her, though they were anxious to see her qualities tested in competition with American craft. At length the Seawanhaka Yacht Club made arrangements for a series of three matches with the stranger—not so much in the hope of defeating her, as an officer of the club explained, as from a desire to see her accommodated in the wish which brought her here. But it is believed that this expression was hardly sincere, and that the American yachtsmen have great faith in the ability of craft of the American light-draught pattern to cope with the cutter-built English boats. The *Wave* and the *Schemer* were matched against the *Madge* for two of the races, and in the third her opponent was to be the one of those two which seemed to be the better opponent. The first of the races was to have been sailed on September 20, but the series was postponed on account of the President's death. The *Madge* is forty-six feet nine inches in length over all, thirty-eight feet six inches on the water-line, seven feet nine inches in width of beam, and six feet two inches deep. The *Wave* is one inch shorter than the *Madge* on the water-line, and the *Schemer* twenty-six inches shorter; each of these boats is nearly twice as broad as the English cutter, and she is nearly two feet deeper than either of them.

When the recent corner in Hannibal and St. Joseph common stock had run the price up from several points below par to two hundred points above, the Wall Street friends of a young broker were seeking him—with several guides and a pack of hounds, it was said—in the Adirondacks, where he had gone hunting before the existence of the corner was suspected in the street. The profit on the huntsman's holdings at the time his friends were scouring the woods for him amounted to some forty thousand dollars. At the time of this writing, this chapter in the story of the corner has not been completed. For all that is known to the contrary, the broker is still clambering over underbrush in search of game, with the sagacious guides and deep-voiced hounds following in the tracks that he made a week or more ago. He must carry a big game-bag and be a lucky marksman not to feel regret if, when he gets back, he should find the corner in Hannibal and St. Jo broken, and his common stock down to the point at which it stood when he got into his top-boots and started for the wilderness.

As soon as the news of the President's death was received at the Western Union office in this city, two messenger boys were hurried out to find the bell-ringer of old St. Paul's Church. It was not far from eleven o'clock—about the quietest time of the night in the lower part of the city. St. Paul's bell broke the stillness, and three minutes later the heavy tolling in the belfry of Trinity Church made the air throb. The sound fell with sad significance on the ears of all who heard it. Next to looking upon the dead, the hearing of the knell is the strongest reminder of the reality of death. As the other bells began tolling in churches farther up the island, the news was borne to many who otherwise would not have heard it till morning. Windows were thrown open, and heads thrust out, and then the sad news imparted by the tolling bells was carried to those of the household who had been sleeping. Never before was the news of an event which was not announced in the metropolis till an hour before midnight so generally distributed at night throughout the city.

In every quarter of the city flags at half-mast and drapery of black and white were displayed on the morning after the President's death. These evidences of sorrow were as numerous in sections where the English tongue is little spoken as they were where few but native-born residents live. They indicated that, despite the many nationalities brought together under the flag of the republic, the feeling of national affliction was common among all.

Following the "yellow Tuesday" of this region, a strange phenomenon is reported to have been witnessed in La Grange, Indiana. At about half past six o'clock on Wednesday morning there appeared in the heavens a shower of many-colored globes which seemed to descend from the sun. They disappeared on touching the horizon. The phenomenon, it is averred, was seen by many residents.

When the congregation gathered in the Floresville (Texas) church to welcome the pastor on his return from his summer vacation, they found the church so infested with bats that it was impossible to go on with the service. The little creatures had come through a broken window-pane. It was a well-known old-time New York politician who declared that there should be regular preaching—"to bring sinners into the church, and to keep bats out."

A man in Carson, Nevada, alluded to another as an instinctive thief and an ex-road-agent; whereupon the local paper came to the aid of the defamed resident, and said that his accuser was to be sued for "definition of character."

A man in Hartford, Connecticut, answered a civil question in a civil manner, but the reply cost him six months' imprisonment. He had been asking alms on the pretense of being deaf and dumb.

A clergyman in Alabama is the recipient of one of the highest compliments ever paid to a preacher in warm weather. A Southern newspaper says of him: "His audience can listen to him for hours, and then express regret when he has finished."

A feeling of insecurity has come over all of the prisoners in the jail at Little Rock, Arkansas, since one of the prison officials was arrested on the charge of passing counterfeit money which he stole from one of their number.

Between the mouth of the Mississippi River and Galveston Harbor, fifteen miles away from land, is a haven for which the small craft that ply in those waters steer when caught out in a gale. The place is known as the "Oil Ponds." Oil, which is believed to come from the bed of the Gulf, fifteen feet beneath the surface of the water, covers the water with a thick scum. In the heaviest gales the force of the sea is broken when it strikes the oily surface, and the skippers drop anchor there, and are secure from harm.

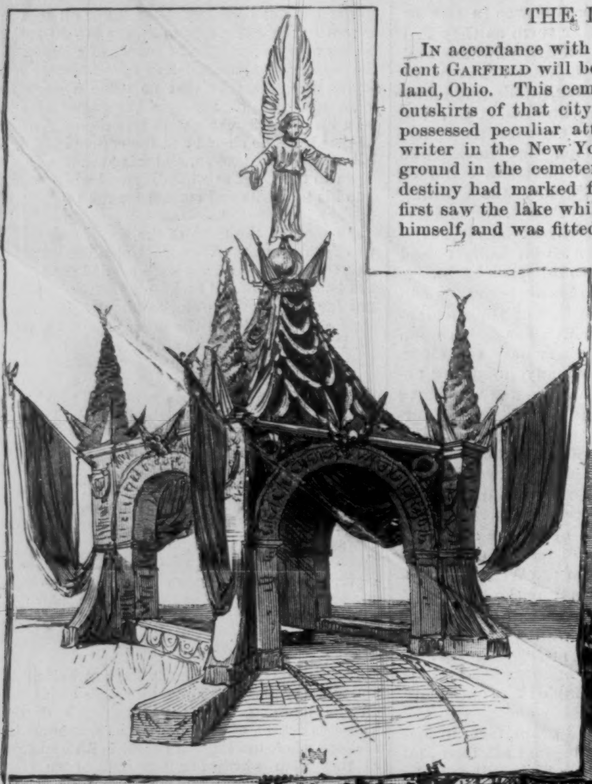
The telephone has been playing a conspicuous part in the electrical exhibition in Paris. Connections were made with the Théâtre Français and with the Grand Opera-House. Each listener was furnished with two telephones—one for each ear—connected with microphones, one on the right and one on the left of the stage, so that, whichever way the performer faced, the sound would be caught. A writer in the London *Times* says: "It is somewhat curious to watch the different listeners, if we have not a telephone in hand ourselves. Perfect silence reigns; ten people stand round, with their hands holding to their heads things which look like large ears. You see an expression of satisfaction, of sadness, of rapture, on their faces; they look at each other, and express approval with their eyes; and when the end of the solo has been reached, and they hear the clapping of hands and bravos of the audience, they lay down their telephones and frequently join their applause unheard to that of the audience at the Opera, unable to restrain themselves from the expression of their delight."

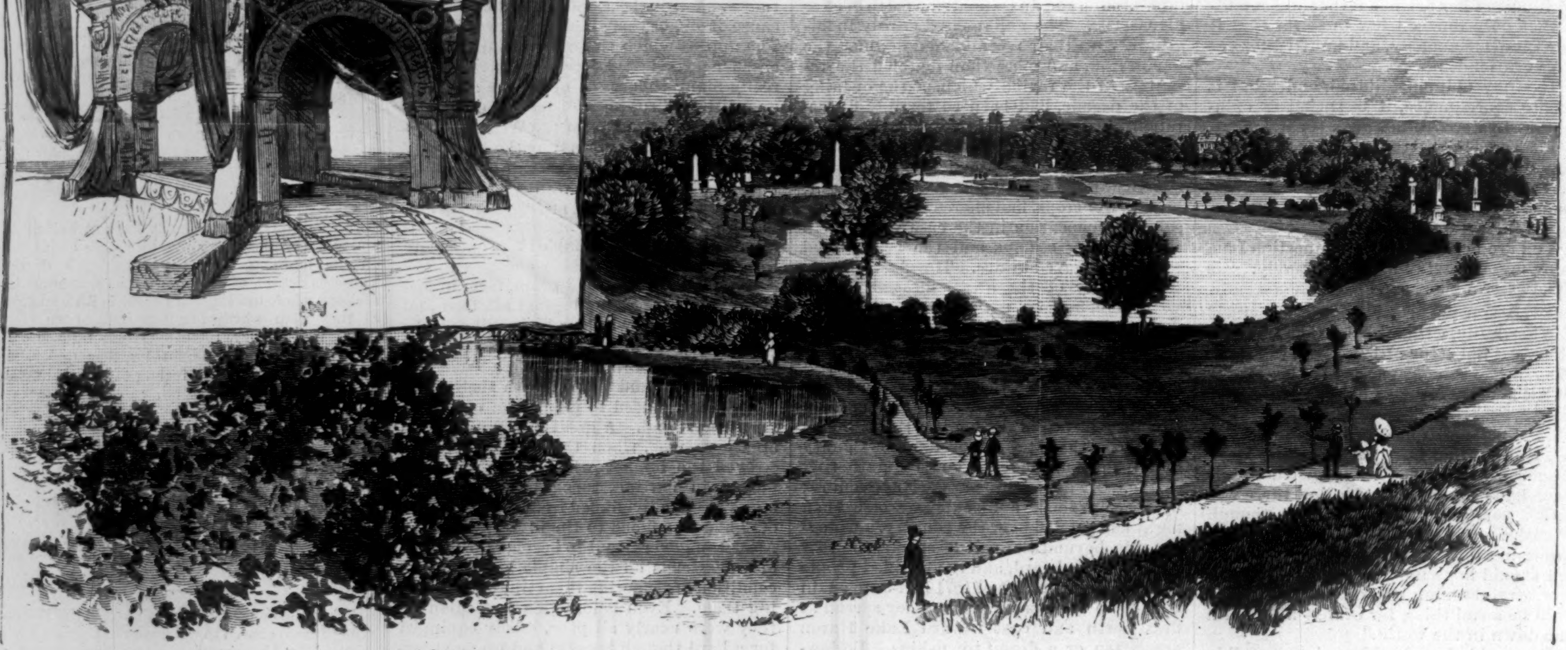
## THE LAST RESTING-PLACE.

In accordance with a wish often expressed of late years, President GARFIELD will be buried in Lake View Cemetery, at Cleveland, Ohio. This cemetery lies upon a high wooded ridge in the outskirts of that city, overlooking the waters of Lake Erie. It possessed peculiar attractions for President GARFIELD. Says a writer in the New York *Tribune:* "Within sight of the highest ground in the cemetery is the place where the farmer boy whom destiny had marked for great achievements and great suffering first saw the lake while chopping wood to earn money to educate himself, and was fitted by the sight of its restless shining waves to know the great world and mingle in its large affairs. About ten miles to the south is the site of the log-cabin where he was born, and there is still standing the plain little frame house which he and his brother built with their own hands for their widowed mother when their sturdy toil had lifted the family out of the pinching straits in which it was left by the death of their father. Twenty miles to the east, on the same ridge upon which the cemetery lies (an old shore of the lake in prehistoric times), is the Mentor farm he loved so well, and longed to see once more before death closed his eyes forever."

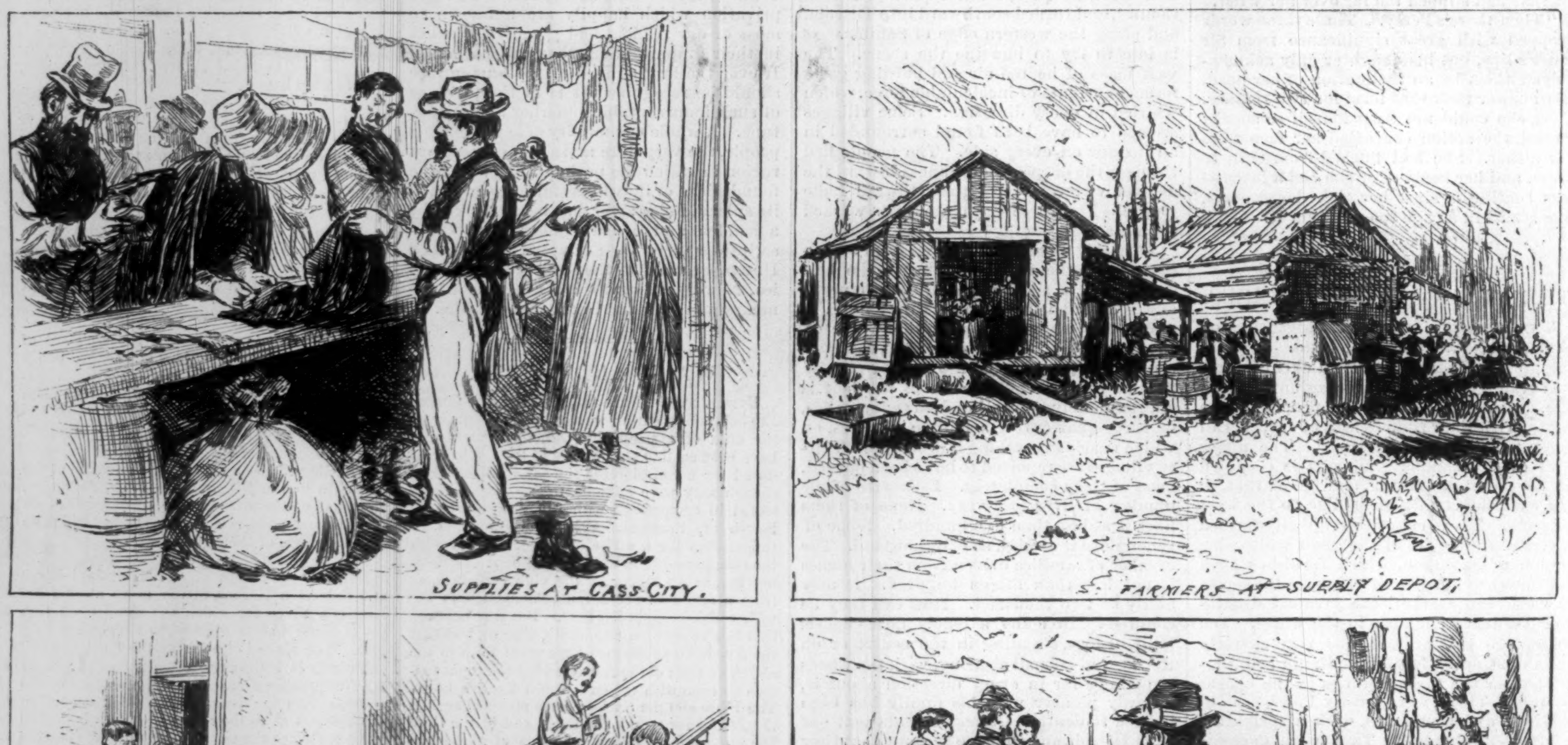
The catafalque erected in Monument Square, in Cleveland, where the remains of the President lay in state until their removal to the cemetery, was a beautiful structure. It consisted of a platform five feet six inches high, a square pavilion, covered by a canopy, on the apex of which rested a large globe, upon which stood the figure of an angel represented in the attitude of blessing, the hands outspread. The wings were extended, the tips approaching above the head.

The dimensions of the pavilion were as follows: The main parts were forty-five feet square; on each of the four sides was an open arch twenty feet wide and thirty feet high; the canopy tapered to an apex seventy-two feet above the ground, and the globe was nearly five feet in diameter. The statue above was twenty-four feet in height, its wing-tips thus being at an altitude of about one hundred feet above the ground.

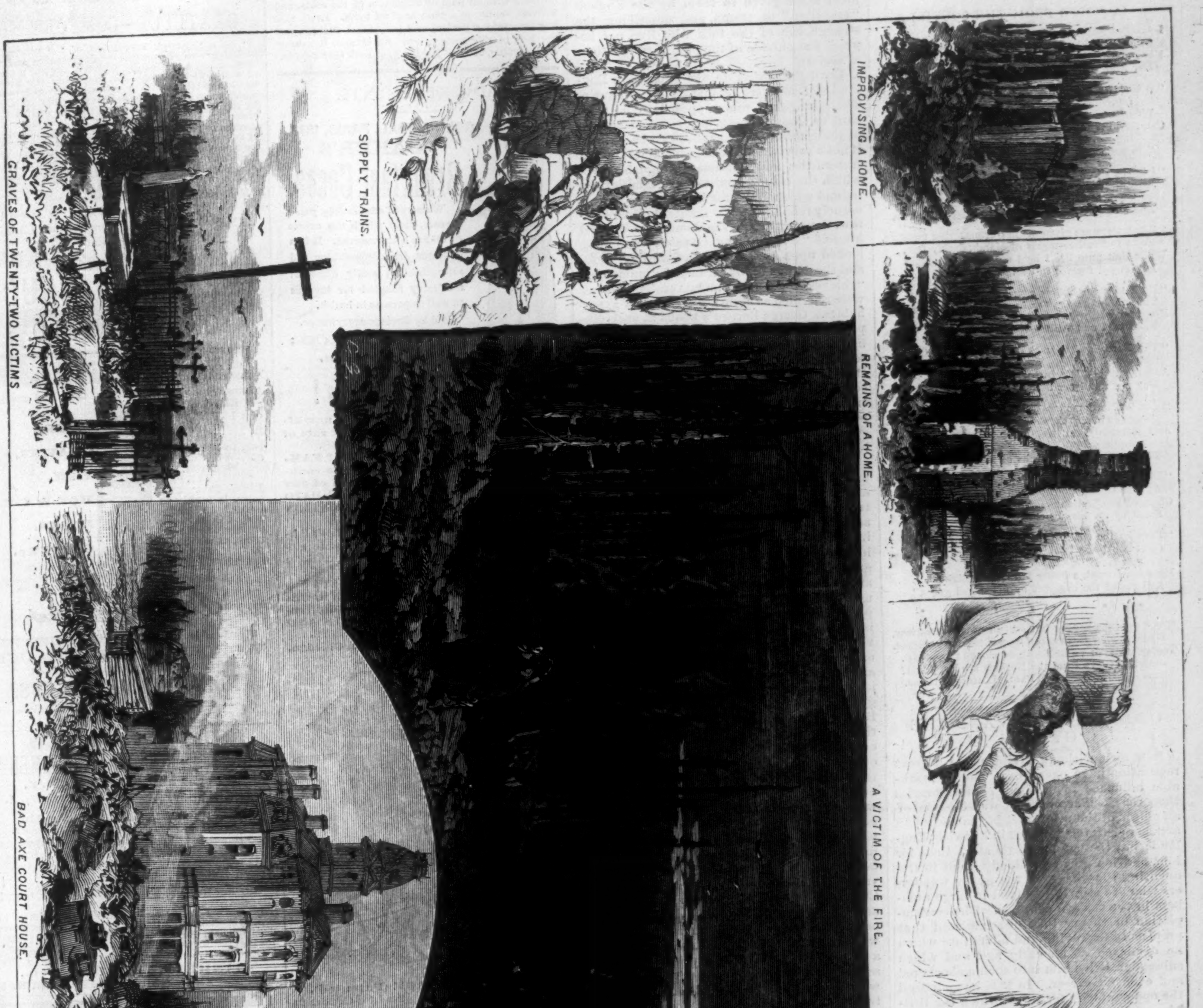




THE CATAFALQUE AND LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS S. SWEENY.




THE FOREST FIRES IN MICHIGAN—RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERERS.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 667.]




THE FOREST FIRES IN MICHIGAN—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—From Sketches by Charles Graham.—[See Page 667.]

## ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

### (A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.)

I SEE the Nation, as in antique ages,
Crouched with rent robes, and ashes on her head;
Her mournful eyes are deep with dark presages,
Her soul is haunted by a formless dread!

"O God!" she cries, "why hast Thou left me bleeding,
Wounded and quivering to the heart's hot core?
Can fervid faith, winged prayer, and anguished pleading
Win balm and pity from Thy heavens no more?

"I knelt, I yearned, in agonizing passion,
Breathless to catch Thy 'still small voice' from far;
Now Thou *hast* answered, but in awful fashion,
And stripped our midnight of its last pale star.

"What tears are given me in o'ermastering measure,
From fathomless floods of Marah, darkly free,
While that pure life I held my noblest treasure
Is plunged forever in death's tideless sea!

"Hark to those hollow sounds of lamentation,
The muffled music, the funereal bell;
From far and wide on wings of desolation
Float wild and wailful voices of farewell.

"The North-land mourns her grief in full libation,
Outpoured for him who died at Victory's goal;
And the great West, in solemn ministration,
May not recall her hero's shining soul.

"Yea, the North mourns; the West, a stricken mother,
Droops as in sackcloth with veiled brow and mouth;
And what old strifes, what waning hates, can smother
The generous heart-throbs of the pitying South?

"Did doubt remain?—*She* crushed its latest ember
At that stern moment when the victim's fall
Changed loveliest summer to a grim December,
Paled by the hiss of Guiteau's murderous ball.

"Thus by the spell of one vast grief united
(Where cypress boughs their death-cold shadows wave),
My sons, I trust, a holier faith have plighted,
And sealed the compact by *his* sacred grave."

* * * * * * *

'Twas thus she spoke; but still in prostrate sorrow,
While lowlier earthward drooped her brow august.
To-day is dark; vague darkness clouds to-morrow.
—Ah! in God's hand the Nations are but—dust!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## GEORGE BORROW AND THE GYPSIES.

FEW men without having made a great reputation have exercised a more remarkable influence upon their contemporaries than George Borrow. He was the son of an officer in the army, and began life as an articled clerk to a solicitor in Norwich, England; but the law had little attractions for him, and his time was chiefly spent in frequenting the society of the gypsy wanderers who are still to be found in large numbers in the eastern counties. The contemplation of their wild life stimulated that propensity for roving and adventure which he displayed at an early age, and which subsequently led him into such a checkered and eventful career. In 1833 he embraced the opportunities for travel which the British and Foreign Bible Society offered to its agents abroad, and went to St. Petersburg in that capacity. Having a wonderful aptitude for acquiring languages, and an especial liking for the less-known dialects, he was able while in Russia to edit the New Testament in Mantchu. He next removed to Spain, where the Zincali, or gypsies of that country, attracted his attention; and finding that great affinities existed between their *patois* and that of his Norfolk friends, he applied himself earnestly to the study of the dialect, collecting a large vocabulary of their words, and a number of their popular songs and legends, as well as translating the Gospel of St. Luke into the dialect. Spain is not a pleasant working ground for a Protestant missionary and distributer of the Scriptures, and Borrow constantly found himself exposed to inconvenience, and even at times to imminent personal danger. He was twice put under arrest, and on one occasion was obliged to seek shelter in the woods, in disguise, from the fury of the fanatical populace Returning to England, he published an account of his work and adventures under the title of *The Bible in Spain*, a book which attracted great attention, especially from the light which it threw upon the language and life of an interesting and hitherto almost unknown race. His next journey was to the south of Europe, where he devoted himself almost exclusively to the investigation of gypsy dialects and manners. On his return he published a book called *Lavengro*, "the Professor," a romance for the incidents of which he has drawn largely upon his own personal adventures, especially among the Rommany chals, or "gypsy lads," in whom he took so deep an interest. In this book Borrow unconsciously paints himself in colors which are absolutely true to nature; and if he appears somewhat pedantic and vain, his manly qualities, his enthusiasm and intrepid courage, more than make up for these failings. *Lavengro* is eminently a romance of the roads; not of ordinary travel, or of coaching, or of railways, as the expression might imply, but of "the roads" in the technical sense given to them by the English "traveller," or tramp, and describing the strange life of the folk who live, not beyond, but outside of the pale of conventional society.

Until Borrow wrote, the gypsies, in England at least, were comparatively unknown. Their language was supposed to be mere cant or thieves' slang, and the constitution of their society was believed to be akin to if not a survival of the begging and thieving fraternities and "Alsacian" kingdoms with which the older novelists have familiarized us, and which M. Victor Hugo has so picturesquely rehabilitated. Bamfylde Moore Carew, the gentleman vagabond who dubbed himself "King of the Gypsies," was long looked upon as the model of a gypsy hero, and the doings of his "tramps," "mumpers," "thieves," "beggars," and "Abraham's men" were regarded as accurate accounts of gypsy habits. George Borrow's books at once dispelled all these false ideas. The gypsies as he painted them were perhaps hardly more respectable, when judged from the ordinary stand-point, than those of the popular conception, but they were shown to be a national community with a real language, and not a mere motley horde of vagabonds speaking the jargon of the prisons and the low haunts of towns.

The later researches of Potts, Miclosich, and others leave no doubt as to the Indian origin of the gypsies, although the exact tribe from which they sprung has not been as yet definitely ascertained. Many of the individual words, such as *pānī* (water), are identical in Gypsy and Hindustani; but the grammar of the first-mentioned language, as shown in the mutilated form which remains in English Rommany and the more perfect system of the Turkish Tchingianés, is quite different from most of the modern vernaculars of India, and has but few points of contact with the older dialects. There are in India several tribes whose characteristic habits are very similar to those of the gypsies of England. The Jats, Naths, and Brinjaris, for example, singularly resemble them, and a very good case has been made out in favor of the first-mentioned as the original gypsy stem. It is a historical fact that somewhere about the year 420 A.D. a number of strolling minstrels did find their way into Persia; they were called "Lūri," and are described by Firdousi in terms which might equally well apply to a band of English Rommanies. The word "Lūri" is still used in Persia for strolling minstrels and vagabonds, while under the form "Nūri" it is the generic appellation of gypsies in Syria and Egypt. Arab historians speak of these people under the alternative name of Zutt, which is, with much reason, believed to be a corruption of Jāt. The gypsies call themselves everywhere "Rom" or "Rommany," which would point to the "Dom" or "Rom" tribe as their original stock, the initial letter of the word being equivalent to either D or R. These people, who are principally found in Behar, are essentially a roving tribe. Amongst other things which distinguish them from other Hindoo castes is their indifference to ceremonial impurity, such as that which arises from touching a dead body, and their liking for swine-flesh. Now gypsies in Europe are very peculiar in their eating, and are perhaps the only race who will eat animals that have died a natural death. *Mullo baulo*, or "dead pig," is their favorite delicacy; and one of the most typical and amusing of the Rommany ballads which Borrow has collected celebrates the trick formerly so common amongst them of poisoning a pig in order the next day to beg its carcass for food.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